

The
British
Poets

SCOTT

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

68473

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME VIII.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

B R I D A L O F T R I E R M A I N .

TO THE FIRST EDITION, 1813.

IN the Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that, by these prolusions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful, to the authors, was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been

induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.¹

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called **ROMANTIC POETRY**;—the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure

¹ [Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to the Lord of the Isles, given in the preceding volume, says,—“Being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Erskine, I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the ‘Bridal of Triermain;’ but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to disown the composition, if report should lay it at his door. As he was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something which might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend’s feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold. A third being called for, Lord Kinnedder became unwilling to aid any longer a deception which was going further than he expected or desired, and the real author’s name was given.”]

romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative, or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely, that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellences of

narrative poetry, the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditional and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question. Δοκεῖ πρῶτος [ὁ Ἀναξαγόρας] (καθὰ φησι Φαβορίνος ἐν Παντοδαπῇ Ἱστορίᾳ) τὴν Ὀμήρου ποίησιν ἀποφάνασθαι εἶναι περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ δικαιοσύνης.¹ But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Ἐναντίλλετο μετὰ τοῦ Μέντεω, καὶ ὅπου ἐκάστοτε ἀφίκοιτο, πάντα τὰ ἐπιχώρια διεωρᾶτο, καὶ ἱστορέων ἐπυνθάνετο. εἰκὸς δέ μιν ἦν καὶ νημόσυνα πάντων γράφεσθαι.² Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should

¹ Diogenes Laertius, Lib. ii. Anaxag. Segm. 11.

² Homeri Vita, in Herod. *Henr. Steph.* 1570, p. 356.

have exhorted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Epopœia*; with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The *ultimum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land, whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in *The Guardian*,¹

¹ [A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

"Take out of any old poem, history book, romance or legend (for instance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece,) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures; there let him work for twelve books, at the end of which, you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or marry, it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate."

To make an Episode.—"Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away, and it will be of use, applied to any other

was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry ; and, indeed,

person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition."

For the Moral and Allegory.—"These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently."

FOR THE MANNERS.

"For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity ; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. Be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have ; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the Alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves."

FOR THE MACHINES.

"Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident, for, since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry :

'Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.'

Verse 191.

if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly

‘Never presume to make a god appear

But for a business worthy of a god.’—ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.”

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a Tempest.—“Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse. Add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder, (the loudest you can,) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.”

For a battle.—“Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer’s Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil ; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.”

For a Burning Town.—“If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of Conflagration,¹ well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.”

As for *similes and metaphors*, “they may be found all over the creation. The most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this, advise with your bookseller.”

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) “Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton ; for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be

¹ From Lib. iii. De Conflagratione Mundi, of Telluris Theoria Sacra, published in 4to, 1689. By Dr. Thomas Burnet, master of the Charter-House.

confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate but of one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other, if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being

found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals, by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening up and down like Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer."

"I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read."—POPE. *The Guardian*, No. 78.

distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action ; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to a universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the readier and more accessible road to general interest and attention ; and perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer ; beginning and ending as he may judge best ; which neither

exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery ; which is free from the technical rules of the *Epée* ; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present ; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition ; and, before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction ; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.¹

¹ ["In all this we cheerfully acquiesce, without abating any thing of our former hostility to the modern *Romaunt*

style, which is founded on very different principles. Nothing is, in our opinion, so dangerous to the very existence of poetry as the extreme laxity of rule and consequent facility of composition, which are its principal characteristics. Our very admission in favour of that license of plot and conduct which is claimed by the Romance writers, ought to render us so much the more guarded in extending the privilege to the minor poets of composition and versification. The removal of all technical bars and impediments sets wide open the gates of Parnassus; and so much the better. We dislike mystery quite as much in matters of taste, as of politics and religion. But let us not, in opening the door, pull down the wall, and level the very foundation of the edifice."—*Critical Review*, 1813.]

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN :
OR,
THE VALE OF ST JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

COME, LUCY ! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass ;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a sylvan bridge ;
For here, compell'd to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnels glide,

And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,
From stone to stone might safely trip,
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength : nor fear
That this same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine.—
So,—now, the danger dared at last,
Look back, and smile at perils past !

III.

And now we reach the favourite glade,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade,
To break affection's whispering tone,
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come ! rest thee on thy wonted seat ;

Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,
 A place where lovers best may meet,
 Who would not that their love be seen.
 The boughs, that dim the summer sky,
 Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
 That fain would spread the invidious tale,
 How Lucy of the lofty eye,¹
 Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
 She for whom lords and barons sigh,
 Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV.

How deep that blush!—how deep that sigh!
 And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
 Is it because that crimson draws
 Its colour from some secret cause,
 Some hidden movement of the breast,
 She would not that her Arthur guess'd?
 O! quicker far is lovers' ken
 Than the dull glance of common men,²
 And, by a strange sympathy, can spell
 The thoughts the loved one will not tell!
 And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met
 The hues of pleasure and regret;
 Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,
 And shared with Love the crimson glow;

¹ [MS.—“Haughty eye.”]

² [—————“with wings as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love.”

Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,
Yet shamed thine own is placed so low :
Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,
As if to meet the breeze's cooling ;
Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
For Love, too, has his hours of schooling.

V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,
The passing pang of humbled pride ;
Too oft, when through the splendid hall,
The load-star of each heart and eye,
My fair one leads the glittering ball,
Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,
With such a blush and such a sigh !
Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth or rank,
The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
To meet a rival on a throne :
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A Baron's birth, a menial train,
Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,
A lyre, a falchion, and a heart ?

VI.

My sword——its master must be dumb ;
But, when a soldier names my name,

Approach, my Lucy ! fearless come,
Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart—'mid all yon courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,
That boasts a pulse so warm as mine ?¹
They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare—
Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded
They praised the pearls that bound thy hair—
I only saw the locks they braided ;
They talk'd of wealthy dower and land,
And titles of high birth the token—
I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,
Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.
And yet, if ranked in Fortune's roll,
I might have learn'd their choice unwise,
Who rate the dower above the soul,
And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.²

VII.

My lyre—it is an idle toy,
That borrows accents not its own,
Like warbler of Colombian sky,
That sings but in a mimic tone.³
Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,
Nor boasts it aught of Border spell ;
Its strings no feudal slogan pour,

¹ [MS.—“ That boasts so warm a heart as mine.”]

² [MS.—“ And Lucy's gems before her eyes.”]

³ The Mocking Bird.

Its heroes draw no broad claymore ;
 No shouting clans applauses raise,
 Because it sung their father's praise ;¹
 On Scottish moor, or English down,
 It ne'er was graced with fair renown ;
 Nor won,—best meed to minstrel true,—
 One favouring smile from fair BUCCLEUCH !
 By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
 And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall tell,
 Of errant knight, and damozelle ;
 Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,
 In punishment of maiden's pride,
 In notes of marvel and of fear,
 That best may charm romantic ear.
 For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-starr'd name !²
 Whose lay's requital, was that tardy fame,
 Who bound no laurel round his living head,
 Should hang it o'er his monument when dead,—

¹ [MS.—“Perchance, because it sung their praise.”]

² Collins, according to Johnson, “by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters ; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens.”

For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,
And thread, like him, the maze of Fairy land ;
Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
And slumber soft by some Elysian stream ;
Such lays she loves,—and, such my Lucy's choice,
What other song can claim her Poet's voice ? ¹

¹ ["The Introduction, though by no means destitute of beauties, is decidedly inferior to the Poem: its plan, or conception, is neither very ingenious nor very striking. The best passages are those in which the author adheres most strictly to his original: in those which are composed without having his eyes fixed on his model, there is a sort of affectation and straining at humour, that will probably excite some feeling of disappointment, either because the effort is not altogether successful, or because it does not perfectly harmonize with the tone and colouring of the whole piece.

"The 'Bridal' itself is purely a tale of chivalry; a tale of 'Britain's Isle, and Arthur's days, when midnight fairies daunted the maze.' The author never gives us a glance of ordinary life, or of ordinary personages. From the splendid court of Arthur we are conveyed to the halls of enchantment, and, of course, are introduced to a system of manners, perfectly decided and appropriate, but altogether remote from those of this vulgar world."—*Quarterly Review*, July 1813.

"The poem now before us consists properly of two distinct subjects, interwoven together something in the manner of the Last Minstrel and his Lay, in the first and most enchanting of Walter Scott's romances. The first is the history (real or imaginary, we presume not to guess which) of the author's passion, courtship, and marriage, with a young lady, his superior in rank and circumstances, to whom he relates at intervals the story which may be considered as the principal design of the work, to which it gives its title. This is a

mode of introducing romantic and fabulous narratives which we very much approve, though there may be reason to fear that too frequent repetition may wear out its effect. It attaches a degree of dramatic interest to the work, at the same time softens the absurdity of a Gothic legend, by throwing it to a greater distance from the relation and auditor, by representing it, not as a train of facts which actually took place, but as a mere fable, either adopted by the credulity of former times, or invented for the purposes of amusement, and the exercise of the imagination."—*Critical Review*, 1813.]

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

WHERE is the Maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermain!¹

¹ Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's lands to his own younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert a bend dexter, chequy, or, and gules."—BURN'S *Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii. p. 482. See Appendix, Note A.

She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
 Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
 Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
 Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood—
 Lovely as the sun's first ray,
 When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
 Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
 Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
 Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
 Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave;
 Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
 Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
 Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
 Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its
 sighs;
 Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
 Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
 Noble her blood as the currents that met
 In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
 Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,
 That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
 His blood it was fever'd, his breathing was deep.
 He had been pricking against the Scot,
 The foray was long, and the skirmish hot;
 His dinted helm and his buckler's plight
 Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them still,

Harpers must lull him to his rest,
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.

III.

It was the dawn of an autumn day ;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog gray,
That like a silvery crape was spread
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
And faintly gleam'd each painted pane
Of the lordly halls of Triermain,
When that Baron bold awoke.
Starting he woke, and loudly did call,
Rousing his menials in bower and hall,
While hastily he spoke.

IV.

"Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye all
Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint?
And hearken, my merry men! What time or
where
Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly
brow,
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel air,
And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
That pass'd from my bower e'en now!"

V.

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville ; he
Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,—
“ Silent, noble chieftain, we
Have sat since midnight close,
When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings,
Murmur'd from our melting strings,
And hush'd you to repose.
Had a harp-note sounded here,
It had caught my watchful ear,
Although it fell as faint and shy
As bashful maiden's half-form'd sigh,
When she thinks her lover near.”
Answer'd Philip of Fastwaite tall,
He kept guard in the outer hall,—
“ Since at eve our watch took post,
Not a foot has thy portal cross'd ;
Else had I heard the steps, though low,
And light they fell, as when earth receives,
In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
That drop when no winds blow.”—

VI.

“ Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
When that dark castle, tower and spire,
Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
And redden'd all the Nine-stane Hill,
And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke
Through devouring flame and smothering
smoke,

Made the warrior's heart-blood chill.
The trustiest thou of all my train,
My fleetest courser thou must rein,
And ride to Lyulph's tower,
And from the Baron of Triermain
Greet well that Sage of power.
He is sprung from Druid sires,
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.¹
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace,
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Hellvellyn's cliffs sublime ;
Sign and sigil well doth he know,
And can bode of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars.
He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Fram'd from the rainbow's varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.²

¹ Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland. It takes its name from a cairn, or pile of stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

² ["Just like 'Aurora when she ties
A rainbow round the morning skies."]

For, by the blessed rood I swear,
 If that fair form breathe vital air,
 No other maiden by my side
 Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride ! " ¹

VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his steed,
 And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
 Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
 And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
 He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,²
 For feats of chivalry renown'd,
 Left Mayburgh's mound³ and stones of power,
 By Druids raised in magic hour,

¹ ["This powerful Baron required in the fair one whom he should honour with his hand an assemblage of qualities, that appears to us rather unreasonable even in those high days, profuse as they are known to have been of perfections now unattainable. His resolution, however, was not more inflexible than that of any mere modern youth; for he decrees that his nightly visitant, of whom at this time he could know nothing, but that she looked and sung like an angel, if of mortal mould, shall be his bride."—*Quarterly Review*.]

² A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry; and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

³ Higher up the River Eamont than Arthur's Round Table,

And traced the Eamont's winding way,
Till Ulfo's lake¹ beneath him lay.

VIII.

Onward he rode, the pathway still
Winding betwixt the lake and hill ;
Till, on the fragment of a rock,
Struck from its base by lightning shock,
 He saw the hoary Sage :
The silver moss and lichen twined,
With fern and deer-hair check'd and lined,
 A cushion fit for age ;
And o'er him shook the aspen-tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selle,
 And greeted Lyulph grave,
And then his master's tale did tell,
 And then for counsel crave.
The Man of Years mused long and deep,
Of time's loss treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
 His solemn answer gave.

is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

¹ [Ulwater.]

IX.

“ That maid is born of middle earth, .
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth
Five hundred years and one.
But where’s the Knight in all the north,
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth,
In the valley of St. John ?
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well ;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale, by bard and sage,
Is handed down from Merlin’s age.

X.

LYULPH’S TALE.

“ KING ARTHUR has ridden from Merry Carlisle,
When Pentecost was o’er :
He journey’d like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara’s ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun
Cast umber’d radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern

The surface of that sable tarn,¹
In whose black mirror you may spy
The stars, while noontide lights the sky.
The gallant King he skirted still
The margin of that mighty hill ;
Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
And torrents, down the gullies flung,
Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on,
Recoiling now from crag and stone,
Now diving deep from human ken,
And raving down its darksome glen.
The Monarch judg'd this desert wild,
With such romantic ruin piled,
Was theatre by Nature's hand
For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.

"O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
On vent'rous quest to ride,
In plate and mail, by wood and wold,
Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of gold,
In princely bower to bide ;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shiver'd against his mail,

¹ The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply imbosomed in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at mid-day.

Was merrier music to his ear,
 Than courtier's whisper'd tale :
 And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
 When on the hostile casque it rung,
 Than all the lays
 To their monarch's praise
 That the harpers of Reged sung.
 He loved better to rest by wood or river,
 Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
 For he left that lady so lovely of cheer,
 To follow adventures of danger and fear ;
 And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did wot,
 That she smiled, in his absence, on brave
 Lancelot.

XII.

“ He rode, till over down and dell
 The shade more broad and deeper fell ;
 And though around the mountain's head
 Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and red,
 Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
 Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the stream.
 With toil the King his way pursued
 By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
 Till on his course obliquely shone
 The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN,
 Down sloping to the western sky,
 Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
 Right glad to feel those beams again,
 The King drew up his charger's rein ;

With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,
And, from beneath his glove of mail,
Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.

" Paled in by many a lofty hill,
The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
And, down its verdant bosom led,
A winding brooklet found its bed.
But, midmost of the vale, a mound
Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
And mighty keep and tower ;
Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
A ponderous bulwark to withstand
Ambitious Nimrod's power.
Above the moated entrance slung,
The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
As jealous of a foe ;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
The gloomy pass below.
But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
Upon the watch-tower's airy round
No warder stood his horn to sound,

No guard beside the bridge was found,
And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV.

“ Beneath the castle’s gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times ; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream,
The owlet now began to scream,
In concert with the rushing stream,
That wash’d the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead ;
And slowly he climb’d the narrow way,
That reached the entrance grim and gray,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,
In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal Keep,
Which well he guess’d the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV.

“ The Ivory bugle’s golden tip
Twice touch’d the Monarch’s manly lip,

And twice his hand withdrew.
Think not but Arthur's heart was good !
His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
Had a pagan host before him stood,
He had charged them through and through ;
Yet the silence of that ancient place
Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
Ere yet his horn he blew.
But, instant as its 'larum rung,
The castle gate was open flung,
Portcullis rose with crashing groan
Full harshly up its groove of stone ;
The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
And down the trembling drawbridge cast ;
The vaulted arch before him lay,
With nought to bar the gloomy way,
And onward Arthur paced, with hand ,
On Caliburn's ¹ resistless brand.

XVI.

" A hundred torches, flashing bright,
Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
That lour'd along the walls,
And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
The inmates of the halls.
Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
Nor giant huge of form and limb,

¹ This was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword, sometimes also called Excalibar.

Nor heathen knight, was there ;
But the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
Show'd by their yellow light and soft,
A band of damsels fair.
Onward they came, like summer wave
That dances to the shore ;
An hundred voices welcome gave,
And welcome o'er and o'er !
An hundred lovely hands assail
The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
And busy labour'd to unhasp
Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
And one flung odours on his hair ;
His short curl'd ringlets one smooth'd down,
One wreathed them with a myrtle-crown.
A bride upon her wedding-day,
Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII.

" Loud laugh'd they all,—the King, in vain,
With questions task'd the giddy train ;
Let him entreat, or crave, or call,
'Twas one reply,—loud laugh'd they all.
Then o'er him mimic chains they fling,
Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
While some their gentle force unite,
Onward to drag the wondering knight,
Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
Dealt with the lily or the rose.

Behind him were in triumph borne
The warlike arms he late had worn.
Four of the train combined to rear
The terrors of Tintadgel's spear ;¹
Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length ;
One, while she aped a martial stride,
Placed on her brows the helmet's pride ;
Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and surprise,
To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

"Through many a gallery and hall
They led, I ween, their royal thrall ;
At length, beneath a fair arcade
Their march and song at once they staid.
The eldest maiden of the band,
 (The lovely maid was scarce eighteen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,
 On entrance of their Queen,
And they were mute.—But as a glance
They steal on Arthur's countenance
 Bewilder'd with surprise,
Their smother'd mirth again 'gan speak,

¹ Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birthplace of King Arthur.

In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

“The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar’d beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover’s dream.
Yet e’en in that romantic age,
 Ne’er were such charms by mortal seen,
As Arthur’s dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
 Advanced the castle’s Queen!
While up the hall she slowly pass’d,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
 That flash’d expression strong;¹
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could brook
 The gaze that lasted long.

¹ [“In the description of the Queen’s entrance, as well as in the contrasted enumeration of the levities of her attendants, the author, we think, has had in his recollection Gray’s celebrated description of the power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.”—*Quarterly Review*.]

A sage, who had that look espied,
 Where kindling passion strove with pride,
 Had whisper'd, 'Prince, beware !
 From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
 Rush on the lion when at bay,
 Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
 But shun that lovely snare !'—¹

XX.

"At once, that inward strife suppress'd,
 The dame approach'd her warlike guest,
 With greeting in that fair degree,
 Where female pride and courtesy
 Are blended with such passing art
 As awes at once and charms the heart.²
 A courtly welcome first she gave,
 Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
 Construction fair and true
 Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
 Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
 Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
 And dignity their due ;

¹ ["Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
 Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey,
 Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire
 Of wild Fanaticism."—

Waverley Novels, vol. xvii. p. 207.]

² ["Still sways their souls with that commanding art
 That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart."

BYRON'S *Corsair*, 1814.]

And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honour'd guest.
The Monarch meetly thanks express'd ;
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.¹

XXI.

"The lady sate the Monarch by,
Now in her turn abash'd and shy,
And with indifference seem'd to hear,
The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That show'd an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide ;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,
That heav'd her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
From the mist of morning sky ;
And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
That this assum'd restraint express'd
More ardent passions in the breast,
Than ventured to the eye.

¹ [" On the opinion that may be formed even of these two stanzas, (xix. and xx.) we are willing to hazard the justness of the eulogium we have bestowed on the general poetical merit of this little work."— *Quarterly Review*.]

Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,
While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang,
Still closer to her ear—
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,¹
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!"

¹ [—" One MASTER PASSION in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

POPE.]

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

LYULPH'S TALE, CONTINUED.

"ANOTHER day, another day,
And yet another, glides away !
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower ;
The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

II.

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away.

Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,
 He thinks not of the Table Round ;
 In lawless love dissolved his life,
 He thinks not of his beauteous ¹ wife :
 Better he loves to snatch a flower
 From bosom of his paramour,
 Than from a Saxon knight ² to wrest
 The honours of his heathen crest ;
 Better to wreathe, 'mid tresses brown,
 The heron's plume her hawk struck down,
 Than o'er the altar give to flow
 The banners of a Paynim foe.³
 Thus, week by week, and day by day,
 His life inglorious glides away ;
 But she, that soothes his dream, with fear
 Beholds his hour of waking near.⁴

III.

" Much force have mortal charms to stay
 Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way ;
 But Guendolen's might far outshine
 Each maid of merely mortal line.
 Her mother was of human birth,
 Her sire a Genie of the earth,
 In days of old deem'd to preside

¹ [MS.—"Lovely."]

² [MS.—"Paynim knight."]

³ [MS.—"Vanquish'd foe."]

⁴ [The MS. has this and the sixth couplet of stanza iii. interpolated.]

O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,
By youths and virgins worshipp'd long,
With festive dance and choral song,
Till, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.
Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,
The downfall of his rights he rued,
And, born of his resentment heir,
He train'd to guile that lady fair,
To sink in slothful sin and shame
The champions of the Christian name.
Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive,
And all to promise, nought to give,
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gain'd no more.
As wilder'd children leave their home,
After the rainbow's arch to roam,
Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,
Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.¹

IV.

"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame"²
She practised thus—till Arthur came;
Then, frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claim'd her heart.
Forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,

¹ [MS.—"So the poor dupes exchanged esteem,
Fame, faith, and honour, for a dream."]

² [MS.—"Such arts as best her sire became."]

Too late must Guendolen deplore,
 He, that has all,¹ can hope no more.
 Now must she see² her lover strain,
 At every turn, her feeble chain ;³
 Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
 To view each fast-decaying link.
 Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
 Her vest to zone, her locks to braid ;
 Each varied pleasure heard her call,
 The feast, the tourney, and the ball :
 Her storied lore she next applies,
 Taxing her mind to aid her eyes ;
 Now more than mortal wise, and then
 In female softness sunk again ;
 Now, raptured, with each wish complying,
 With feign'd reluctance now denying ;
 Each charm she varied, to retain
 A varying heart⁴—and all in vain !

¹ [MS.—“ That who gives all,” &c.]

² [MS.—“ Now must she *watch*,” &c.]

³ [MS.—“ her *wasting* chain.”]

⁴ [“ As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.”—GOLDSMITH.]

V.

“Thus in the garden’s narrow bound,
Flank’d by some castle’s Gothic round,
Fain would the artist’s skill provide,
The limits of his realms to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse, and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way——
Vain art! vain hope! ’tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim-dress’d tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI.

“Three summer months had scantily flown,
When Arthur, in embarrass’d tone,
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a monarch sway,
Duties, unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.—
She listen’d silently the while,
Her mood express’d in bitter smile;¹
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,

¹ [MS.—“ Wreathed were her lips in bitter smile.”]

And oft resume the unfinish'd tale,¹
 Confessing, by his downcast eye,
 The wrong he sought to justify.
 He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
 And then her looks to heaven she raised;
 One palm her temples veil'd, to hide²
 The tear that sprung in spite of pride;
 The other for an instant press'd
 The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.

"At her reproachful sign and look,
 The hint the Monarch's conscience took.³
 Eager he spoke—'No, lady, no!
 Deem not of British Arthur so,
 Nor think he can deserter prove
 To the dear pledge of mutual love.
 I swear by sceptre and by sword,
 As belted knight and Britain's lord,
 That if a boy shall claim my care,
 That boy is born a kingdom's heir;
 But, if a maiden Fate allows,
 To choose that maid a fitting spouse,

¹ [MS.——"his broken tale,
 With downcast eye and flushing cheeks,
 As one who 'gainst his conscience speaks."]

² [MS.—"One hand her temples press'd to hide.]

³ ["The scene in which Arthur, sated with his lawless love, and awake at last to a sense of his duties, announces his immediate departure, is managed, we think, with uncommon skill and delicacy."—*Quarterly Review*.]

A summer-day in lists shall strive
 My knights,—the bravest knights alive,—
 And he, the best and bravest tried,
 Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride.'—
 He spoke, with voice resolved and high—
 The lady deign'd him not reply.

VIII.

“At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
 His matins did a warbler make,¹
 Or stirr'd his wing to brush away
 A single dewdrop from the spray,
 Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
 The castle-battlements had kiss'd,
 The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
 And Arthur sallies from the walls.
 Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
 And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
 His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
 And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.
 The Monarch gave a passing sigh
 To penitence² and pleasures by,
 When, lo! to his astonish'd ken
 Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

IX.

“Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
 Attired like huntress of the wood :

¹ [MS.—“ A single warbler was awake.”]

² [MS.—“ To deep remorse.”]

Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare,¹
And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;
Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
And in her hand a cup of gold.
'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er again
Must we two meet in joy or pain.
Full fain would I this hour delay,
Though weak the wish—yet wilt thou stay?
—No! thou look'st forward. Still attend,—
Part we like lover and like friend.'
She raised the cup—'Not this the juice
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!'—she said and quaff'd;
And strange unwonted lustres fly
From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

X.

"The courteous Monarch bent him low,
And, stooping down from saddlebow,
Lifted the cup, in act to drink.
A drop escaped the goblet's brink—
Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.
Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright—
—The peasant still can show the dint,
Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.—

¹[MS.—"Her arms and buskin'd feet were bare."]

From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,¹
That burn'd and blighted where it fell !²
The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,⁸
As whistles from the bow the reed ;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,
Until he gain'd the hill ;
Then breath and sinew fail'd apace,
And, reeling from the desperate race,
He stood, exhausted, still.
The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal castle gazed——
Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
Darkening against the morning sky ;⁴

¹ [MS. _____ "of { burning }
 { blazing } dew."]

² The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient Kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that Monarch, is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

³ [MS.—“Curb, bit, and bridle he disdain'd,
Until a mountain crest he gain'd,
Then stopp'd;—exhausted, all amazed,
The rider down the valley gazed,
But tower nor donjon,” &c.]

4 —“ We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass-ground, which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains

But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
 The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
 A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
 Fragments of rock and rifted stone.¹
 Musing on this strange hap the while,
 The King wends back to fair Carlisle;
 And cares, that cumber royal sway,
 Wore memory of the past away.

around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

"The traveller's curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and, by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John."—HUTCHINSON'S *Excursion to the Lakes*, p. 121.

¹ [MS.—"But on the spot where once they frown'd,
 The stream begirt a sylvan mound,
 With rocks in shatter'd fragments crown'd."]

XI.

“ Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
 Each brought new wreaths to Arthur’s head.
 Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
 The Saxons to subjection brought :¹
 Rythou, the mighty giant, slain
 By his good brand, relieved Bretagne :
 The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
 And Roman Lucius, own’d his might ;
 And wide were through the world renown’d²
 The glories of his Table Round.
 Each knight, who sought adventurous fame,
 To the bold court of Britain came,
 And all who suffer’d causeless wrong,
 From tyrant proud, or faitour strong,
 Sought Arthur’s presence to complain,
 Nor there for aid implored in vain.³

XII.

“ For this the King, with pomp and pride,
 Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,
 And summon’d Prince and Peer,
 All who owed homage for their land,
 Or who craved knighthood from his hand,

¹ Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

² [MS.—“ And wide was blazed the world around.”]

³ [MS.—“ Sought before Arthur to complain,
 Nor there for succour sued in vain.”]

Or who had succour to demand,
 To come from far and near
At such high tide, were glee and game
Mingled with feats of martial fame,
For many a stranger champion came,
 In lists to break a spear;
And not a knight of Arthur's host,
Save that he trode some foreign coast,
But at this feast of Pentecost
 Before him must appear.
Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
There was a theme for bards to sound
 In triumph to their string!
Five hundred years are past and gone,
But Time shall draw his dying groan,
Ere he behold the British throne
 Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

"The heralds named the appointed spot,
As Caerleon or Camelot,
 Or Carlisle fair and free.
At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
And in fair Eamont's vale were met
 The flower of Chivalry.¹
There Galaad sate with manly grace,

¹ ["The whole description of Arthur's Court is picturesque and appropriate."—*Quarterly Review*.]

Yet maiden meekness in his face ;
 There Morolt of the iron mace,¹
 And love-lorn Tristrem there :
 And Dinadam with lively glance,
 And Lanval with the fairy lance,
 And Mordred with his look askance,
 Brunor and Bevidere.
 Why should I tell of numbers more ?
 Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
 Sir Carodac the keen,
 The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
 Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
 And Lancelot,² that ever more
 Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.³

¹ The characters named in the following stanza are all of em more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are rung together according to the established custom of instrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine:—

“ Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
 They rode with them that daye,
 And, foremost of the companye,
 There rode the stewarde Kaye.

“ Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
 And eke Sir Garratte keen,
 Sir Tristrem too, that gentle knight,
 To the forest fresh and greene.”

² [MS.—“ And Launcelot for evermore
 That scowl'd upon the scene.”]

³ Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his assertion of King Arthur: “ But

XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most abound,
And harpers play'd their blithest round,
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,

And marshals clear'd the ring;
A maiden, on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle, to alight
And kneel before the King.

Arthur, with strong emotion, saw
Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,
Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldric trapp'd with gold,
Her sandall'd feet, her ankles bare,¹
And the eagle-plume that deck'd her hair.

as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willeth not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeede unto mei a controversie, and that greate."—*Assertion of King Arthure. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.*

¹ [MS.—"The King with strong emotion saw,

Her { dignity and mingled
 { strange attire, her reverend } awe.

Attired
Her dress { like huntress of the wold,

Her silken buskins braced with gold,

Her { sandall'd feet, her
 { arms and buskin'd } ankles bare,

And eagle-plumes," &c.]

Graceful her veil she backward flung——
The King, as from his seat he sprung,
 Almost cried, ‘ Guendolen !’
But ’twas a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled
 Than of the race of men ;
And in the forehead’s haughty grace,
The lines of Britain’s royal race,¹
 Pendragon’s, you might ken.

XV.

“ Faltering, yet gracefully she said—
‘ Great Prince ! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother’s name,
A father’s vow’d protection claim !
The vow was sworn in desert lone,
In the deep valley of St. John.’
At once the King the suppliant raised,
And kiss’d her brow, her beauty praised ;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp’d,—²

¹ [MS.—“ The lineaments of royal race.”]

² [Mr. Adolphus, in commenting on the similarity of manners in the ladies of Sir Walter Scott’s poetry, and those of his then anonymous Novels, says, “ In Rokeby, the filial attachment and duteous anxieties of Matilda form the leading feature of her character, and the chief source of her distresses. The intercourse between King Arthur and his daughter Gyneth, in *The Bridal of Triermain*, is neither long nor altogether amicable; but the monarch’s feelings on first

Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen :
But she, unruffled at the scene,
Of human frailty construed mild,
Look'd upon Lancelot and smiled.

XVI.

“ ‘ Up ! up ! each knight of gallant crest
Take buckler, spear, and brand !
He that to-day shall bear him best,
Shall win my Gyneth's hand.
And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,
Shall bring a noble dower ;
Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
And Carlisle town and tower.’
Then might you hear each valiant knight,
To page and squire that cried,
‘ Bring my armour bright, and my courser
wight !
’Tis not each day that a warrior's might
May win a royal bride.’
Then cloaks and caps of maintenance
In haste aside they fling ;
The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,
And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
Small care had they of their peaceful array,

beholding that beautiful ‘ slip of wilderness,’ and his manner of receiving her before the Queen and Court, are too forcibly and naturally described to be omitted in this enumeration.”—*Letters on the Author of Waverley*, 1822, p. 212.]

They might gather it that wolde ;
 For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,
 With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII.

“ Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
 Were fifty champions free,
 And they all arise to fight that prize,—
 They all arise but three.
 Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath,
 One gallant could withhold,
 For priests will allow of a broken vow,
 For penance or for gold.
 But sigh and glance from ladies bright
 Among the troop were thrown,
 To plead their right, and true-love plight,
 And plain of honour flown.
 The knights they busied them so fast,
 With buckling spur and belt,
 That sigh and look, by ladies cast,
 Were neither seen nor felt.
 From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
 Each gallant turns aside,
 And only thought, ' If speeds my lance,
 A queen becomes my bride !
 She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
 And Carlisle tower and town ;
 She is the loveliest maid, beside,
 That ever heir'd a crown.'
 So in haste their coursers they bestride,
 And strike their visors down.

XVIII.

"The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
 Have throng'd into the list,
 And but three knights of Arthur's court
 Are from the tourney miss'd.
 And still these lovers' fame survives
 For faith so constant shown,—
 There were two who loved their neighbour's
 wives,
 And one who loved his own.¹
 The first was Lancelot de Lac,
 The second Tristrem bold,
 The third was valiant Carodac,
 Who won the cup of gold,²

¹ "In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe booke were read in our tongue, sayyng certayne bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, *La Morte d'Arthure*; the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulturies by sutlel shiffes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at, yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and *La Morte d'Arthure* received into the prince's chamber."—*ASCHAM'S Schoolmaster.*

² See the comic tale of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in the third volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from

What time, of all King Arthur's crew,
(Thereof came jeer and laugh,)
He, as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.
Though envy's tongue would fain surmise,
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame ;
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine.

XIX.

“ Now caracol'd the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow ;¹

the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his Tale of the Enchanted Cup.

¹ [“ The preparation for the combat, and the descriptions of its pomp and circumstance, are conceived in the best manner of the author's original, seizing the prominent parts of the picture, and detailing them with the united beauty of

For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew ;
To her his leading-staff resign'd,
But added caution grave and kind.

XX.

“ ‘Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
I bid the trump for tourney sound.
Take thou my warder, as the queen
And umpire of the martial scene ;
But mark thou this :—as Beauty bright
Is polar star to valiant knight,
As at her word his sword he draws,
His fairest guerdon her applause,
So gentle maid should never ask
Of knighthood vain and dangerous task ;
And Beauty's eyes should ever be
Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace,
And bid the storm of battle cease.
I tell thee this, lest all too far
These knights urge tourney into war.
Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
And fairly counter blow for blow ;—
No striplings these, who succour need

Mr. Scott's vigour of language, and the march and richness of the late Thomas Warton's versification.”—*Quarterly Review*, 1813.]

For a razed helm or falling steed.
But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,
And threatens death or deadly harm,
Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
Thou drop the warder from thy hands.
Trust thou thy father with thy fate,
Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate ;
Nor be it said, through Gyneth's pride
A rose of Arthur's chaplet died.'

XXI.

"A proud and discontented glow
O'ersadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow ;
 She put the warder by :—
'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she said,
'Thus chaffer'd down and limited,
Debased and narrow'd, for a maid
 Of less degree than I.
No petty chief, but holds his heir
At a more honour'd price and rare
 Than Britain's King holds me !
Although the sun-burn'd maid, for dower,
Has but her father's rugged tower,
 His barren hill and lee.'
King Arthur swore, 'By crown and sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That a whole summer's day should strive
His knights, the bravest knights alive !'—
'Recall thine oath ! and to her glen
Poor Gyneth can return agen ;

Not on thy daughter will the stain,
That soils thy sword and crown, remain.
But think not she will e'er be bride
Save to the bravest, proved and tried ;
Pendragon's daughter will not fear
For clashing sword or splinter'd spear,
Nor shrink though blood should flow ;
And all too well sad Guendolen
Hath taught the faithlessness of men,
That child of hers should pity, when
Their meed they undergo.'

XXII.

" He frown'd and sigh'd, the Monarch bold :—
' I give—what I may not withhold ;
For, not for danger, dread, or death,
Must British Arthur break his faith.
Too late I mark, thy mother's art
Hath taught thee this relentless part.
I blame her not, for she had wrong,
But not to these my faults belong.
Use, then, the warder as thou wilt ;
But trust me, that, if life be spilt,¹
In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.'
With that he turn'd his head aside,
Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,
As, with the truncheon raised, she sate

¹ [MS.——"if blood be spilt."]

The arbitress of mortal fate ;
Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed,
How the bold champions stood opposed,
For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
Upon his ear like passing bell !¹
Then first from sight of martial fray
Did Britain's hero turn away.

XXIII.

“ But Gyneth heard the clangour high,
As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
Oh, blame her not ! the blood was hers,
That at the trumpet's summons stirs !—
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry
 Awhile untroubled view ;
So well accomplish'd was each knight,
To strike and to defend in fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight,
 While plate and mail held true.
The lists with painted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breastplate bloodless shone,
It seem'd their feather'd crests alone
 Should this encounter rue.
And ever, as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,
Heard while the gale of April blows
 The merry greenwood through.

¹ [MS.——“dying knell.”]

XXIV.

“ But soon to earnest grew their game,
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And, horse and man, to ground there came
Knights, who shall rise no more !
Gone was the pride the war that graced,
Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,
And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,
And pennons stream’d with gore.
Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,
And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell ;
And now the trumpet’s clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird’s wailing scream,
Heard o’er the whirlpool’s gulfing stream,
The sinking seaman’s knell !

XXV.

“ Seem’d in this dismal hour, that Fate
Would Camlan’s ruin antedate,
And spare dark Mordred’s crime !
Already gasping on the ground
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
Of chivalry the prime.¹

¹ [“ The difficult subject of a tournament, in which several knights engage at once, is admirably treated by the novelist in *Ivanhoe*, and by his rival in *The Bridal of Triermain*; and the leading thought in both descriptions is the sudden

Arthur, in anguish, tore away
From head and beard his tresses gray,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,
 And quaked with ruth and fear ;
But still she deem'd her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter staid,
 And chid the rising tear.
Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
 And many a champion more ;
Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
 Lies gasping in his gore.
Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd
Even to the confines of the list,

and tragic change from a scene of pomp, gaiety, and youthful pride, to one of misery, confusion, and death."—*Adolphus*, p. 245.

"The tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime, the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion."—*Ivanhoe—Waverley Novels*, vol. xvi. p. 187.]

Young Vanoc of the beardless face,
(Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)
O'erpower'd at 'Gyneth's footstool bled,
His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.
But then the sky was overcast,
Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,
And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
And from the gulf,—tremendous birth!—
The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI.

“ Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed
The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,
And sternly raised his hand:—
' Madmen,' he said, ' your strife forbear !
And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear
The doom thy fates demand !
Long shall close in stony sleep
Eyes for ruth that would not weep ;
Iron lethargy shall seal
Heart that pity scorn'd to feel.
Yet, because thy mother's art
Warp'd thine unsuspecting heart,
And for love of Arthur's race,
Punishment is blent with grace,
Thou shalt bear thy penance lone
In the valley of Saint John,
And this weird¹ shall overtake thee ;

¹ Doom.

Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,
For feats of arms as far renown'd
As warrior of the Table Round.
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number
All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
When the Red Cross champions died.'

XXVII.

"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
Slumber's load begins to lie ;
Fear and anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive.
Twice, with effort and with pause,
O'er her brow her hand she draws ;
Twice her strength in vain she tries,
From the fatal chair to rise ;
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
Vanoc's death must now be wroken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eves
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head ;
Net of pearl and golden thread,
Bursting, gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seem'd she there,

Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire, repenting,
Craved stern Merlin for relenting,
And the champions, for her sake,
Would again the contest wake ;
Till, in necromantic night,
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

XXVIII.

“ Still she bears her weird alone,
In the Valley of Saint John ;
And her semblance oft will seem,
Mingling in a champion's dream,
Of her weary lot to plain,
And crave his aid to burst her chain.
While her wondrous tale was new,
Warriors to her rescue drew,
East and west, and south and north,
From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,
Tower nor castle could they ken ?
Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye, descried.
Fast and vigil must be borne,
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Can discern those magic towers.
Of the persevering few,
Some from hopeless task withdrew,
When they read the dismal threat

Graved upon the gloomy gate.
Few have braved the yawning door,
And those few return'd no more.
In the lapse of time forgot,
Wellnigh lost is Gyneth's lot ;
Sound her sleep as in the tomb,
Till waken'd by the trump of doom."

• END OF LYULPH'S TALE.

Here pause, my tale ; for all too soon,
My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
Already from thy lofty dome
Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
And each, to kill the goodly day
That God has granted them, his way
Of lazy sauntering has sought ;
Lordlings and witlings not a few,
Incapable of doing aught,
Yet ill at ease with nought to do.
Here is no longer place for me ;
For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see
Some phantom, fashionably thin,
With limb of lath and kerchief'd chin,
And lounging gape, or sneering grin,
Steal sudden on our privacy.
And how should I, so humbly born,
Endure the graceful spectre's scorn ?
Faith ! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
Of English oak is hard at hand.

II.

Or grant the hour be all too soon
For Hessian boot and pantaloon,
And grant the loungee seldom strays
Beyond the smooth and gravell'd maze,
Laud we the gods, that Fashion's train

Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.
Artists are hers, who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art,
Damning whate'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvass three feet square.
This thicket, for their *gumption* fit,
May furnish such a happy *bit*.
Bards, too, are hers, wont to recite
Their own sweet lays by waxen light,
Half in the salver's tingle drown'd,
While the *chasse-café* glides around ;
And such may hither secret stray,
To labour an extempore :
Or sportsman, with his boisterous hollo,
May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bower for tiring-room ;
And we alike must shun regard,
From painter, player, sportsman, bard.
Insects that skim in Fashion's sky,
Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,
Lucy, have all alarms for us,
For all can hum and all can buzz.

III.

But oh, my Lucy, say how long
We still must dread this trifling throng,
And stoop to hide, with coward art,

The genuine feelings of the heart !
 No parents thine, whose just command
 Should rule their child's obedient hand ;
 Thy guardians, with contending voice,
 Press each his individual choice.
 And which is Lucy's ?—Can it be
 That puny fop, trimm'd cap-a-pee,
 Who loves in the saloon to show
 The arms that never knew a foe ;
 Whose sabre trails along the ground,
 Whose legs in shapeless boots are drown'd ;
 A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
 Fled from his breast to fence his heel ;
 One, for the simple manly grace
 That wont to deck our martial race,
 Who comes in foreign trashery
 Of tinkling chain and spur,
 A walking haberdashery,
 Of feathers, lace and fur :
 In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
 Horse-milliner¹ of modern days ?

IV.

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
 So early train'd for statesman's part,
 Who talks of honour, faith, and truth,
 As themes that he has got by heart ;

¹ "The trammels of the palfraye pleased his sight,
 And the *horse-millanere* his head with roses dight."
 ROWLEY'S *Ballads of Charitie*.

Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech ;¹
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament ;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls " order," and " divides the house,"
Who " craves permission to reply,"
Whose " noble friend is in his eye ;"
Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
A *motion*, you should gladly *second*?

V.

What, neither? Can there be a third,
To such resistless swains preferr'd?—
O why, my Lucy, turn aside,
With that quick glance of injured pride?
Forgive me, love, I cannot bear
That alter'd and resentful air.
Were all the wealth of Russel mine,
And all the rank of Howard's line,
All would I give for leave to dry
That dewdrop trembling in thine eye.
Think not I fear such fops can wile
From Lucy more than careless smile ;
But yet if wealth and high degree
Give gilded counters currency,

¹ [See " Parliamentary Logic, &c., by the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton," (1808,) commonly called " Single-Speech Hamilton."]

Must I not fear, when rank and birth
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?
Nobles there are, whose martial fires
Rival the fame that raised their sires,
And patriots, skill'd through storms of fate
To guide and guard the reeling state.
Such, such there are—If such should come,
Arthur must tremble and be dumb,
Self-exil'd seek some distant shore,
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm,
That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?
Or is it, that the rugged way
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?
Oh, no! for on the vale and brake,
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,
And this trim sward of velvet green,
Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.
That pressure slight was but to tell,
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And fain would banish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII.

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one resistless spell—
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?

'Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase,
A landaulet and four blood-bays,
But bards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern land.
'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy hand!—
'Tis there this slender finger round
Must golden amulet be bound,
Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer,
Can change to rapture lovers' care,
And doubt and jealousy shall die,
And fears give place to ecstasy.

VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has been thy lover's tale and song.
O, why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And will not Lucy deign to say
 One word her friend to bless?
I ask but one—a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound,
 O, let the word be YES!

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

LONG loved, long woo'd, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own!
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
Recall our favourite haunts agen?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
As the rough warrior's brow may bear
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host,
That this wild pass on foot be cross'd,
While round Ben-Cruach's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise.

The keen old carle, with Scottish pride,
He praised his glen and mountains wide ;
An eye he bears for nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind ;
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish¹ the Celtic sound,
His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applied
His legend to my bonny bride ;
While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

II.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love ! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.
On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air :
Even so, on yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky ;

¹ Beal-na-paish, the Vale of the Bridal.

The summer-clouds so plain we note,
That we might count each dappled spot :
We gaze and we admire, yet know
The scene is all delusive show.
Such dreams of bliss ¹ would Arthur draw,
When first his Lucy's form he saw ;
Yet sighed and sicken'd as he drew,
Despairing they could e'er prove true !

III.

But Lucy, turn thee now, to view
Up the fair glen, our destined way :
The fairy path that we pursue,
Distinguish'd but by greener hue,
Winds round the purple braise,
While Alpine flowers of varied dye
For carpet serve, or tapestry.
See how the little runnels leap,
In threads of silver, down the steep,
To swell the brooklet's moan !
Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
Fantastic while her crown she weaves,
Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
So lovely, and so lone.
There's no illusion there ; these flowers,
That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
Are, Lucy, all our own ;
And, since thine Arthur call'd thee wife,

¹ [MS.—“ Scenes of bliss.”]

Such seems the prospect of his life,
A lovely path, on-winding still,
By gurgling brook and sloping hill.
'Tis true, that mortals cannot tell
What waits them in the distant dell;
But be it hap, or be it harm,
We tread the pathway arm in arm.

IV.

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
I could thy bidding twice deny,
When twice you pray'd I would again
Resume the legendary strain
Of the bold Knight of Triermalin?
At length yon peevish vow you swore,
That you would sue to me no more,¹
Until the minstrel fit drew near,
And made me prize a listening ear.
But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
Continuance of the knightly lay,
Was it not on the happy day
That made thy hand mine own?
When, dizzied with mine ecstasy,
Nought past, or present, or to be,
Could I or think on, hear, or see,
Save, Lucy, thee alone!
A giddy draught my rapture was,
As ever chemist's magic gas.

¹ [MS.—“ Until yon peevish oath you swore,
That you would sue for it no more.”]

V.

Again the summons I denied
In yon fair capital of Clyde :
My Harp—or let me rather choose
The good old classic form—my Muse
(For Harp's an over-scuted phrase,
Worn out by bards of modern days,)
My Muse, then—seldom will she wake,
Save by dim wood and silent lake ;
She is the wild and rustic Maid,
Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread
Where the soft greensward is inlaid
 With varied moss and thyme ;
And, lest the simple lily-braid,
That coronets her temples, fade,
She hides her still in greenwood shade,
 To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes ! The murmur dear
Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
 The glade hath won her eye ;
She longs to join with each blithe rill
That dances down the Highland hill,
 Her blither melody.¹
And now, my Lucy's way to cheer,
She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear

¹ [MS.—“ Her wild-wood melody.”]

How closed the tale, my love whilere
Loved for its chivalry.
List how she tells, in notes of flame,
“ Child Roland to the dark tower came ! ” ¹

¹ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

THE

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

BEWCASTLE now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks
The Borderers bootless may complain;
They lack the sword of brave de Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord, on high adventure bound,
Hath wander'd forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the Valley of Saint John.

II.

When first began his vigil bold,
The moon twelve summer nights was old,
 And shone both fair and full ;
High in the vault of cloudless blue,
O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw
 Her light composed and cool.
Stretch'd on the brown hill's heathy breast,
 Sir Roland eyed the vale ;
Chief where, distinguish'd from the rest,
Those clustering rocks uprear'd their crest,
The dwelling of the fair distress'd,
 As told grey Lyulph's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright,
 In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckler's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
 As on a crystal well.

III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the mound the moonlight stream'd,
 It alter'd to his eyes ;
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttress'd walls their shapeless range,
Fain think, by transmutation strange,
 He saw grey turrets rise.
But scarce his heart with hope throb'd high,
Before the wild illusions fly,
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Which fancy had conceived,
Abetted by an anxious eye
That long'd to be deceived.
It was a fond deception all,
Such as, in solitary hall,
Beguiles the musing eye,
When, gazing on the sinking fire,
Bulwark, and battlement, and spire,
In the red gulf we spy.
For, seen by moon of middle night,
Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
Or by the dawn of morning light,
Or evening's western flame,
In every tide, at every hour,
In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
The rocks remain'd the same.

IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed mound,
Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it round,
Yet nothing might explore,
Save that the crags so rudely piled,
At distance seen, resemblance wild
To a rough fortress bore.
Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,
Feeds hard and spare, and seldom sleeps,
And drinks but of the well;
Ever by day he walks the hill,
And when the evening gale is chill,
He seeks a rocky cell,

Like hermit poor to bid his bead,
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every saint at need,
For aid to burst his spell.

V.

And now the moon her orb has hid,
And dwindled to a silver thread,
Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast,
Before the fury of the blast
The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoln the rills,
And down the torrents came ;
Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
A sheet of lightning flame.
De Vaux, within his mountain cave,
(No human step the storm durst brave,)
To moody meditation gave
Each faculty of soul,¹
Till, lull'd by distant torrent sound,
And the sad winds that whistled round,
Upon his thoughts, in musing drown'd,
A broken slumber stole.

¹ [MS.—“ His faculties of soul.”]

VI.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound,
 (Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,
'Mongst desert hills, where, leagues around,
 Dwelt but the gorcock and the deer:)
As, starting from his couch of fern,¹
Again he heard, in clangour stern,
 That deep and solemn swell,—
Twelve times, in measured tone, it spoke,
Like some proud minster's pealing clock,
 Or city's larum-bell.
What thought was Roland's first when fell,
In that deep wilderness, the knell
 Upon his startled ear?
To slander warrior were I loth,
Yet must I hold my minstrel troth,—
 It was a thought of fear.

VII.

But lively was the mingled thrill
That chased that momentary chill,
 For Love's keen wish was there,
And eager Hope, and Valour high,
And the proud glow of Chivalry,
 That burn'd to do and dare.
Forth from the cave the Warrior rush'd,
Long ere the mountain-voice² was hush'd,

¹ [MS. ——— "his couch of rock,
 Again upon his ear it broke."]

² [MS. ——— "mingled sounds were hush'd."]

That answer'd to the knell;
 For long and far the unwonted sound,
 Eddying in echoes round and round,
 Was toss'd from fell to fell;
 And Glaramara answer flung,
 And Gridale-pike responsive rung,
 And Legbert heights their echoes swung,
 As far as Derwent's dell.¹

VIII.

Forth upon trackless darkness gazed
 The Knight, bedeafen'd and amazed,
 Till all was hush'd and still,
 Save the swoln torrent's sullen roar,
 And the night-blast that wildly bore
 Its course along the hill.
 Then on the northern sky there came
 A light, as of reflected flame,
 And over Legbert-head,

¹ ["The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
 Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again;
 That ancient Woman seated on Helm-Crag
 Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-Scar,
 And the tall steep of Silver-How, sent forth
 A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
 Carried the lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew
 His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
 Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head."]

As if by magic art controll'd,
 A mighty meteor slowly roll'd
 Its orb of fiery red ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some demon dire
 Came mounted on that car of fire,
 To do his errand dread.
 Far on the sloping valley's course,
 On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,
 Shingle and Scrae,¹ and Fell and Force,²
 A dusky light arose :
 Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene ;
 Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,
 Even the gay thicket's summer green,
 In bloody tincture glows.

IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams set,
 At eve, upon the coronet
 Of that enchanted mound,
 And seen but crags at random flung,
 That, o'er the brawling torrent hung,³
 In desolation frown'd.
 What sees he by that meteor's lour ?—
 A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,
 Return the lurid gleam,
 With battled walls and buttress fast,

¹ Bank of loose stones.² Waterfall.

³ [MS.——“rocks at random piled,
 That on the torrent brawling wild.”]

And barbican¹ and ballium² vast,
 And airy flanking towers, that cast
 Their shadows on the stream.
 'Tis no deceit! distinctly clear
 Crenell³ and parapet appear,
 While o'er the pile that meteor drear
 Makes momentary pause;
 Then forth its solemn path it drew,
 And fainter yet and fainter grew
 Those gloomy towers upon the view,
 As its wild light withdraws.

X.

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,
 O'er crag and stream, through brier and bush;
 Yet far he had not sped,⁴
 Ere sunk was that portentous light
 Behind the hills, and utter night
 Was on the valley spread.⁵
 He paused perforce,—and blew his horn,
 And, on the mountain-echoes borne⁶
 Was heard an answering sound,
 A wild and lonely trumpet-note,—
 In middle air it seem'd to float
 High o'er the battled mound;

¹ The outer defence of the castle gate.

² Fortified court.

³ Apertures for shooting arrows.

⁴ [MS.———"had not gone."]

⁵ [MS.———"the valley lone."]

⁶ [MS.—"And far upon the echoes borne."]

And sounds were heard, as when a guard
Of some proud castle, holding ward,
 Pace forth their nightly round.
The valiant Knight of Triermain
Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
 But answer came there none ;
And mid the mingled wind and rain,
Darkling he sought the vale in vain,¹
 Until the dawning shone ;
And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight,
Distinctly seen by meteor-light,
 It all had pass'd away !
And that enchanted mount once more
A pile of granite fragments bore,
 As at the close of day.

XI.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart
Scorn'd from his venturous quest to part,
 He walks the vale once more ;
But only sees, by night or day,
That shatter'd pile of rocks so gray,
 Hears but the torrent's roar.
Till when, through hills of azure borne,²
The moon renew'd her silver horn,
Just at the time her waning ray
Had faded in the dawning day,
 A summer mist arose ;

¹ [MS.———"he sought the towers in vain."]

² [MS.—"But when, through fields of azure borne."]

Adown the vale the vapours float,
 And cloudy undulations moat ¹
 That tufted mound of mystic note,
 As round its base they close.
 And higher now the fleecy tide
 Ascends its stern and shaggy side,
 Until the airy billows hide ²
 The rock's majestic isle ;
 It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,³
 By some fantastic fairy drawn
 Around enchanted pile.

XII.

The breeze came softly down the brook,⁴
 And, sighing as it blew,

¹ [MS.—“ And with their eddying billows moat.”]

² [MS.—“ Until the mist's grey bosom hide.”]

³ [MS.—“ a veil of airy lawn.”]

⁴ [“ A sharp frost wind, which made itself heard and felt from time to time, removed the clouds of mist which might otherwise have slumbered till morning on the valley; and, though it could not totally disperse the clouds of vapour, yet threw them in confused and changeful masses, now hovering round the heads of the mountains, now filling, as with a dense and voluminous stream of smoke, the various deep gullies where masses of the composite rock, or brescia, tumbling in fragments from the cliffs, have rushed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a rent and torn ravine, resembling a deserted watercourse. The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, silvered the windings of the river, and the peaks and precipices which the mist left visible, while her beams seemed, as it were, absorbed by the fleecy whiteness of the

The veil of silver mist it shook,
 And to De Vaux's eager look
 Renew'd that wondrous view.
 For, though the loitering vapour braved
 The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
 Its mantle's dewy fold;
 And still, when shook that filmy screen,
 Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
 And Gothic battlements between
 Their gloomy length unroll'd.¹
 Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
 Once more the fleeting vision die!
 —The gallant knight can speed
 As prompt and light as, when the hound
 Is opening, and the horn is wound,
 Careers the hunter's steed.
 Down the steep dell his course amain
 Hath rivall'd archer's shaft;
 But ere the mound he could attain,

mist, where it lay thick and condensed, and gave to the more light and vapoury specks, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze."—*Waverley Novels—Rob Roy*—vol. viii. p. 267.

"The praise of truth, precision, and distinctness, is not very frequently combined with that of extensive magnificence and splendid complication of imagery; yet, how masterly, and often sublime, is the panoramic display, in all these works, of vast and diversified scenery, and of crowded and tumultuous action," &c.—*Adolphus*, p. 163.]

¹ ["The scenery of the valley, seen by the light of the summer and autumnal moon, is described with an aerial touch to which we cannot do justice."—*Quarterly Review*.]

The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And, mocking loud his labour vain,
 The mountain spirits laugh'd.
Far up the echoing dell was borne
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

XIII.

Wroth wax'd the Warrior.—“ Am I then
Fool'd by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind, whose homeward way
Is haunted ¹ by malicious fay ?
Is Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn ? False fiends, avaunt ! ”
A weighty curtal-axe he bare ;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw,
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's shock
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.
If by mere strength, 'twere hard to tell,
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,
But down the headlong ruin came,
With cloud of dust and flash of flame.
Down bank, o'er bush, its course was borne,

¹ [MS.—“ Is wilder'd.”]

Crush'd lay the copse, the earth was torn,
Till staid at length, the ruin dread
Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed,
And bade the waters' high-swoln tide
Seek other passage for its pride.¹

XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Triermain
Survey'd the mound's rude front again ;
And, lo ! the ruin had laid bare,
Hewn in the stone, a winding stair,
Whose moss'd and fractured steps might lend
The means the summit to ascend ;
And by whose aid the brave De Vaux
Began to scale these magic rocks,

And soon a platform won,
Where, the wild witchery to close,
Within three lances' length arose
The Castle of Saint John !
No misty phantom of the air,
No meteor-blazon'd show was there ;
In morning splendour, full and fair,
The massive fortress shone.

XV.

Embattled high and proudly tower'd,
Shaded by pond'rous flankers, lower'd
The portal's gloomy way.

¹ [MS.—“ And bade its waters in their pride
Seek other current for their tide.”]

Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,
The scutcheon'd emblems which it bore

Had suffer'd no decay :

But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And, down in recent ruin rent,

In the mid torrent lay.

Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time

Unfelt had pass'd away.

In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore :

XVI.

INSCRIPTION.

“ Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric plann'd ;
Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth raised keep and tower.
View it o'er, and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more ! To cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate ;

Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er—and turn again.”—

XVII.

“That would I,” said the warrior bold,
“If that my frame were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropp’d slow and cold
As icicle in thaw ;
But while my heart can feel it dance,
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe ! ”
He said ; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand, and straight gave way,
And, with rude crash and jarring bray,
The rusty bolts withdraw ;
But o’er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm, with force amain,
The ponderous gate flung close again,
And rusted bolt and bar
Spontaneous took their place once more,
While the deep arch with sullen roar
Return’d their surly jar.
“Now closed is the gin and the prey within
By the Rood of Lanercost ;
But he that would win the war-wolf’s skin,
May rue him of his boast.”
Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port
Led to the Castle's outer court :
There the main fortress, broad and tall,
Spread its long range of bower and hall,
 And towers of varied size,
Wrought with each ornament extreme,
That Gothic art, in wildest dream
 Of fancy, could devise ;
But full between the Warrior's way
And the main portal arch, there lay
 An inner moat ;
 Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
And down falls helm, and down the shield,
Rough with the dints of many a field.
Fair was his manly form, and fair
His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair,
When, all unarm'd, save that the brand
Of well-proved metal graced his hand,
With nought to fence his dauntless breast
But the close gipon's¹ under-vest,
Whose sullied buff the sable stains
Of hauberk and of mail retains,—
Roland De Vaux upon the brim
Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

¹ A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.

XIX.

Accoutred thus he dared the tide,
And soon he reach'd the farther side,
 And enter'd soon the Hold,
And paced a hall, whose walls so wide
Were blazon'd all with feats of pride,
 By warriors done of old.
In middle lists they counter'd here,
 While trumpets seem'd to blow ;
And there, in den or desert drear,
 They quell'd gigantic foe,¹
Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.
Strange in their arms, and strange in face,
Heroes they seem'd of ancient race,
Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name,
Forgotten long by later fame,
 Were here depicted, to appall²
Those of an age degenerate,
Whose bold intrusion braved their fate
 In this enchanted hall.
For some short space, the venturous Knight
With these high marvels fed his sight,
Then sought the chamber's upper end,
Where three broad easy steps ascend
To an arch'd portal door,
In whose broad folding leaves of state
Was framed a wicket window-grate,

¹ [MS.—“ They counter'd giant foe.”]

² [MS.—“ Portray'd by limner to appall.”]

And ere he ventured more,
The gallant Knight took earnest view
The grated wicket-window through.

XX.

O, for his arms ! Of martial weed
Had never mortal Knight such need !—
He spied a stately gallery ; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
 The vaulting, and the floor ;
And, contrast strange ! on either hand
There stood array'd in sable band
 Four Maids whom Afric bore ;¹
And each a Libyan tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
 As Lucy's golden hair,
For the leash that bound these monsters dread
 Was but of gossamer.
Each Maiden's short barbaric vest²
Left all unclosed the knee and breast,
 And limbs of shapely jet ;
White was their vest and turban's fold,
On arms and ankles rings of gold
 In savage pomp were set ;
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hands an assagay.³

¹ [MS.—“ Four Maidens stood in sable band
The blackest Afrique bore.”]

² [MS.—“ Each Maiden's short and savage vest.”]

³ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

Such and so silent stood they there,
That Roland wellnigh hoped
He saw a band of statues rare,
Station'd the gazer's soul to scare ;
But, when the wicket oped,
Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,
Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his claw,
Scented the air, and lick'd his jaw ;
While these weird Maids, in Moorish tongue,
A wild and dismal warning sung.

XXI.

“Rash Adventurer, bear thee back !
Dread the spell of Dahomay !
Fear the race of Zaharak,¹
Daughters of the burning day !

“When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,
Ours it is the dance to braid ;
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,
Join the measure that we tread,
When the Moon has donn'd her cloak,
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,
Music meet for such as we.

“Where the shatter'd columns lie,
Showing Carthage once had been,
If the wandering Santon's eye

¹ [Zaharak or Zaharah is the Arab name of the Great Desert.]

Our mysterious rites hath seen,—
Oft he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
‘Azrael’s brand hath left the sheath!
Moslems, think upon the tomb!’

“Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,
Ours the hydra of the fen,
Ours the tiger of the brake,
All that plagues the sons of men.
Ours the tempest’s midnight wrack,
Pestilence that wastes by day—
Dread the race of Zaharak!
Fear the spell of Dahomay!”

XXII.

Uncouth and strange the accents shrill
Rung those vaulted roofs among,
Long it was ere, faint and still,
Died the far-resounding song.
While yet the distant echoes roll,
The Warrior communed with his soul.
“When first I took this venturous quest,
I swore upon the rood,
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
For evil or for good.
My forward path too well I ween,
Lies yonder fearful ranks between;
For man unarm’d, ’tis bootless hope
With tigers and with fiends to cope—

Yet, if I turn, what waits me there,
Save famine dire and fell despair?—
Other conclusion let me try,
Since, choose howe'er I list, I die.
Forward, lies faith and knightly fame;
Behind, are perjury and shame.
In life or death I hold my word!"
With that he drew his trusty sword,
Caught down a banner from the wall,
And enter'd thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.

On high each wayward Maiden threw
Her swarthy arm, with wild halloo!
On either side a tiger sprung—
Against the leftward foe he flung
The ready banner, to engage
With tangling folds the brutal rage;
The right-hand monster in mid air
He struck so fiercely and so fair,
Through gullet and through spinal bone
The trenchant blade hath sheerly gone.
His grisly brethren ramp'd and yell'd,
But the slight leash their rage withheld,
Whilst, 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous road
Firmly, though swift, the champion strode.
Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,
Safe pass'd an open portal through;
And when against pursuit he flung
The gate, judge if the echoes rung!

Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV.

“ Hurra, hurra ! Our watch is done !
We hail once more the tropic sun.
Pallid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell ! Hurra, hurra !

“ Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round agen ;
Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

“ Warrior ! thou, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial.

“ Now for Afric's glowing sky,
Zwenga wide and Atlas high,
Zaharak and Dahomay !——
Mount the winds ! Hurra, hurra ! ”

XXV.

The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide

The Knight pursued his steady way,
 Till to a lofty dome he came,
 That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,¹
 As if the wealth of all the world
 Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
 For here the gold, in sandy heaps,
 With duller earth incorporate, sleeps;
 Was there in ingots piled, and there
 Coin'd badge of empery it bare;
 Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
 Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring ray,
 Like the pale moon in morning day;
 And in the midst four Maidens stand,
 The daughters of some distant land.
 Their hue was of the dark-red dye,
 That fringes oft a thunder sky;
 Their hands palmetto baskets bare,
 And cotton fillets bound their hair;
 Slim was their form, their mien was shy,
 To earth they bent the humbled eye,
 Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd,
 And thus their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.²

XXVI.

CHORUS.

"See the treasures Merlin piled,
 Portion meet for Arthur's child.

¹ [MS.———"golden flame."]

² [MS.—"And suppliant as on earth they kneel'd,
 The gifts they proffer'd thus reveal'd."]

Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream ! ”

FIRST MAIDEN.

“ See these clots of virgin gold !
Sever'd from the sparry mould,
Nature's mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie ;
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin.”—

SECOND MAIDEN.

“ See these pearls that long have slept ;
These were tears by Naiads wept
For the loss of Marinel.
Tritons in the silver shell
Treasured them, till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite.”—

THIRD MAIDEN.

“ Does a livelier hue delight ?
Here are rubies blazing bright,
Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between ;
Here their varied hues unite,
In the changeful chrysolite.”—

FOURTH MAIDEN.

“ Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all and look on mine !

While their glories I expand,
Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.
Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze
Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORUS.

" Warrior, seize the splendid store ;
Would 'twere all our mountains bore !
We should ne'er in future story,
Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory ! "

XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight
Waved aside the treasures bright :
" Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray !
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant toys
Braid the hair of girls and boys ;¹
Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need,
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he deign'd to hoard
Inlays his helm, and hilts his sword."
Thus gently parting from their hold,
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

¹ [MS.—" Let those boasted gems and pearls
Braid the hair of toy-caught girls."]

XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry ;
When, lo ! a plashing sound he hears,
A gladsome signal that he nears
 Some frolic water-run ;
And soon he reach'd a court-yard square,
Where, dancing in the sultry air,
Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair
 Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left, a fair arcade,
In long perspective view display'd
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade ;
 But, full in front, a door,
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it led
To the lone dwelling of the dead,
 Whose memory was no more.

XXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space,
To bathe his parched lips and face,
 And mark'd with well-pleased eye,
Refracted on the fountain stream,
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam
 Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild control,
Like that which lulls the weary soul,
 From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives

The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood
As if the Nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mould,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These Maids enlink'd in sister fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the greenwood shade,
Nearer the musing champion draw,
And, in a pause of seeming awe,
Again stand doubtful now?—
Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, "To please be ours,
Be yours to tell us how."
Their hue was of the golden glow
That suns of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
In nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreathed with flowers, with odours graced,
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hennah lent each shapely nail,

And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement, drawn
 The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,
For modesty show'd all too much—
 Too much—yet promis'd more.

XXXI.

“Gentle Knight, awhile delay,”
Thus they sung, “thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here;
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
Though no treasured gems have we,
To proffer on the bended knee,
Though we boast nor arm nor heart,
For the assagay or dart,
Swains allow each simple girl
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;
Or, if dangers more you prize,
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

“Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,
Rest till evening steal on day;
Stay, O, stay!—in yonder bowers

We will braid thy locks with flowers,
Spread the feast and fill the wine,
Charm thy ear with sounds divine,
Weave our dances till delight
Yield to languor, day to night.

“Then shall she you most approve,
Sing the lays that best you love,
Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,
Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,
Till the weary night be o’er—
Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more?
Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—she
Is slave to Love and slave to thee.”

XXXII.

O, do not hold it for a crime
In the bold hero of my rhyme,
For Stoic look,
And meet rebuke,
He lack’d the heart or time ;
As round the band of sirens trip,
He kiss’d one damsel’s laughing lip,¹
And press’d another’s proffer’d hand,
Spoke to them all in accents bland,
But broke their magic circle through ;
“Kind Maids,” he said, “adieu, adieu !

¹ [MS.—“As round the band of sirens press’d,
One damsel’s laughing lip he kiss’d.”]

My fate, my fortune, forward lies."
He said, and vanish'd from their eyes ;
But, as he dared that darksome way,
Still heard behind their lovely lay :
" Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart !
Go, where the feelings of the heart
With the warm pulse in concord move ;
Go, where Virtue sanctions Love !"

XXXIII.

Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
And ruin'd vaults has gone,
Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
Or safe retreat, seem'd none,
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on,
For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers show'd
That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They show'd, but show'd not how to shun.
These scenes ¹ of desolate despair,
These smothering clouds of poison'd air,
How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
Though 'twere to face yon tigers ranged !
Nay, soothful bards have said,
So perilous his state seem'd now,

¹ [MS.—" This state," &c.]

He wish'd him under arbour bough
With Asia's willing maid.
When joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
And as it ceased, a lofty lay
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV.

"Son of Honour, theme of story,
Think on the reward before ye!
Danger, darkness, toil despise;
'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

"He that would her heights ascend,
Many a weary step must wend;
Hand and foot and knee he tries;
Thus Ambition's minions rise.

"Lag not now, though rough the way,
Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
Monarch's power, and Conqueror's glory!"

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
A steep ascent the Wanderer found,
And then a turret stair:
Nor climb'd he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,
And next a welcome glimpse was given,
That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.

At length his toil had won
A lofty hall with trophies dress'd,
Where, as to greet imperial guest,
Four maidens stood, whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all ;
The first a nymph of lively Gaul,
Whose easy step and laughing eye
Her borrow'd air of awe belie ;
The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, sedate, yet bold ;
White ivory skin and tress of gold,
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Almaine.
These maidens bore a royal robe,
With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
Emblems of empery ;
The fourth a space behind them stood,
And leant upon a harp, in mood
Of minstrel ecstasy.
Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British Druidess
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the ground,
And, in her hand display'd,
A crown did that fourth Maiden hold,
But unadorn'd with gems and gold,
Of glossy laurel made.¹

¹ [MS.—“ Of laurel leaves was made.”]

XXXVI.

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down
These foremost Maidens three,
And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,
Liedom and seignorie,
O'er many a region wide and fair,
Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir ;
But homage would he none :—¹
" Rather," he said, " De Vaux would ride,
A Warden of the Border-side,
In plate and mail, than, robed in pride,
A monarch's empire own ;
Rather, far rather, would he be
A free-born knight of England free,
Than sit on despot's throne."
So pass'd he on, when that fourth Maid,
As starting from a trance,
Upon the harp her finger laid ;
Her magic touch the chords obey'd,
Their soul awaked at once !

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

" Quake to your foundations deep,
Stately Towers, and Banner'd Keep,
Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
As the dreaded step they own.

" Fiends, that wait on Merlin's spell,
Hear the foot-fall ! mark it well !

¹ [MS.—" But the firm knight pass'd on."]

Spread your dusky wings abroad,¹
Boune ye for your homeward road!

"It is HIS, the first who e'er
Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
HIS, who hath the snares defied
Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride.

"Quake to your foundations deep,
Bastion huge, and Turret steep!²
Tremble, Keep! and totter, Tower!
This is Gyneth's waking hour."

XXXVII.

Thus while she sung, the venturous Knight
Has reach'd a bower, where milder light³

Through crimson curtains fell;
Such soften'd shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
Upon its western swell.

That bower, the gazer to bewitch,
Had wondrous store of rare and rich

As e'er was seen with eye;
For there by magic skill, I wis,
Form of each thing that living is
Was limn'd in proper dye.

All seem'd to sleep—the timid hare

¹ [MS.—"Spread your pennons all abroad."]

² [MS.———"and battled keep."]

³ [MS.———"soften'd light."]

On form, the stag upon his lair,
 The eagle in her eyrie fair
 Between the earth and sky.
 But what of pictured rich and rare ¹
 Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,
 Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,
 He saw King Arthur's child !
 Doubt, and anger, and dismay,
 From her brow had pass'd away,
 Forgot was that fell tourney-day,
 For, as she slept, she smiled :
 It seem'd, that the repentant Seer
 Her sleep of many a hundred year
 With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.

That form of maiden loveliness,
 'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,
 That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,
 The arms and ankles bare, express
 Of Lyulph's tale the truth.
 Still upon her garment's hem
 Vanoc's blood made purple gem,
 And the warder of command
 Cumber'd still her sleeping hand ;
 Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow
 From net of pearl o'er breast of snow ;
 And so fair the slumberer seems,
 That De Vaux impeach'd his dreams,

¹ [MS.—“ But what of rich or what of rare.”]

Vapid all and void of might,
Hiding half her charms from sight.
Motionless awhile he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
Trembling in his fitful joy,
Doubtful how he should destroy
 Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful, too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
 What these eyes shall tell.—
“St. George! St. Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!”

XXXIX.

Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels,
Soft that lovely hand he steals,
Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—
But the warder leaves her grasp;
 Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,
 Burst the Castle-walls asunder!
Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—
 Melt the magic halls away;
——But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux,
 Safe the princess lay;
Safe and free from magic power,
Blushing like the rose's flower
 Opening to the day;

And round the Champion's brows were bound
The crown that Druidess had wound,
 Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remain'd of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
 The Garland and the Dame :
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
 Except from LOVE and FAME !

CONCLUSION.

I.

MY LUCY, when the Maid is won,
The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is done ;
 And to require of bard
That to his dregs the tale should run,
 Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,¹
 When tale or play is o'er ;
Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
 The honours that they bore.
Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
In morning mist or evening maze,
 Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
 Of the Valley of St. John ;
But never man since brave De Vaux

¹ [MS.—“ Yet know, this maid and warrior too,
 Wedded as lovers wont to do.”]

The charmed portal won.
'Tis now a vain illusive show,
That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,
Or the fresh breeze hath blown.¹

II.

But see, my love, where far below
Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
The whiles, up-gazing still,
Our menials eye our steepy way,
Marvelling, perchance, what whim can stay
Our steps when eve is sinking grey
On this gigantic hill.
So think the vulgar—Life and time
Ring all their joys in one dull chime
Of luxury and ease ;
And, O ! beside these simple knaves,
How many better-born are slaves
To such coarse joys as these,
Dead to the nobler sense that glows
When nature's grander scenes uncloze !
But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
The mountain's misty ² coronet,
The greenwood, and the wold ;
And love the more, that of their maze
Adventure high of other days
By ancient bards is told,

¹ [MS.—“ That melts whene'er the breezes blow,
Or beams a cloudless sun.”]

² [MS.—“ Sylvan.”]

Bringing, perchance, like my poor tale,
Some moral truth in fiction's veil :¹
Nor love them less, that o'er the hill
The evening breeze, as now, comes chill ;—
 My love shall wrap her warm,
And, fearless of the slippery way,
While safe she trips the heathy brae,
 Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

THE END OF TRIERMAIN.²

¹ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

² ["The Bridal of Triermain is written in the style of Mr. Walter Scott; and if *in magnis voluisse sat est*, the author, whatever may be the merits of his work, has earned the meed at which he aspires. To attempt a *serious* imitation of the most popular living poet—and this imitation, not a short fragment, in which all his peculiarities might, with comparatively little difficulty, be concentrated—but a long and complete work, with plot, character, and machinery entirely new—and with no manner of resemblance, therefore, to a *parody* on any production of the original author;—this must be acknowledged an attempt of no timid daring."—*Edinburgh Magazine*, 1817.]

"The fate of this work must depend on its own merits, for it is not borne up by any of the adventitious circumstances that frequently contribute to literary success. It is ushered into the world in the most modest guise; and the author, we believe, is entirely unknown. Should it fail altogether of a favourable reception, we shall be disposed to abate something of the indignation which we have occasionally expressed against the extravagant gaudiness of modern publications,

and imagine that there are readers whose suffrages are not to be obtained by a work without a name.

"The merit of the *Bridal of Triermain*, in our estimation, consists in its perfect simplicity, and in interweaving the refinement of modern times with the peculiarities of the ancient metrical romance, which are in no respect violated. In point of interest, the first and second cantos are superior to the third. One event naturally arises out of that which precedes it, and the eye is delighted and dazzled with a series of moving pictures, each of them remarkable for its individual splendour, and all contributing more or less directly to produce the ultimate result. The third canto is less profuse of incident, and somewhat more monotonous in its effect. This, we conceive, will be the impression on the first perusal of the poem. When we have leisure to mark the merits of the composition, and to separate them from the progress of the events, we are disposed to think that the extraordinary beauty of the description will nearly compensate for the defect we have already noticed.

"But it is not from the fable that an adequate notion of the merits of this singular work can be formed. We have already spoken of it as an imitation of Mr. Scott's style of composition; and if we are compelled to make the general approbation more precise and specific, we should say, that if it be inferior in vigour to some of his productions, it equals, or surpasses them, in elegance and beauty; that it is more uniformly tender, and far less infected with the unnatural prodigies and coarsenesses of the earlier romancers. In estimating its merits, however, we should forget that it is offered as an imitation. The diction undoubtedly reminds us of a rhythm and cadence we have heard before; but the sentiments, descriptions, and characters, have qualities that are native and unborrowed.

"In his sentiments, the author has avoided the slight deficiency we ventured to ascribe to his prototype. The pictures of pure description are perpetually illuminated with reflections that bring out their colouring, and increase their moral effect; these reflections are suggested by the scene, produced without effort, and expressed with unaffected sim-

plicity. The descriptions are spirited and striking, possessing an airiness suited to the mythology and manners of the times, though restrained by correct taste. Among the characters, many of which are such as we expect to find in this department of poetry, it is impossible not to distinguish that of Arthur, in which, identifying himself with his original, the author has contrived to unite the valour of the hero, the courtesy and dignity of the monarch, and the amiable weaknesses of any ordinary mortal, and thus to present to us the express lineaments of the flower of chivalry."—*Quarterly Review*, 1813.

"With regard to this poem, we have often heard, from what may be deemed good authority, a very curious anecdote, which we shall give merely as such, without vouching for the truth of it. When the article entitled, 'The Inferno of Altisidora,' appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1809, it will be remembered that the last fragment contained in that singular production, is the beginning of the romance of Triermain. Report says, that the fragment *was not meant to be an imitation of Scott, but of Coleridge*; and that, for this purpose, the author borrowed both the name of the hero and the scene from the then unpublished poem of Christabelle; and further, that so few had ever seen the manuscript of that poem, that amongst these few the author of Triermain could not be mistaken. Be that as it may, it is well known, that on the appearance of this fragment in the Annual Register, it was universally taken for an imitation of Walter Scott, and never once of Coleridge. The author perceiving this, and that the poem was well received, instantly set about drawing it out into a regular and finished work; for shortly after it was announced in the papers, and continued to be so for three long years: the author, as may be supposed, having, during that period, his hands occasionally occupied with heavier metal. In 1813, the poem was at last produced, avowedly and manifestly as an imitation of Mr Scott; and it may easily be observed, that from the 27th page onward, it becomes much more decidedly like the manner of that poet, than it is in the preceding part which was published in the Register, and which, undoubtedly,

does bear some similarity to Coleridge in the poetry, and more especially in the rhythm, as, *e. g.*—

‘Harpers must lull him to his rest,
With the slow tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.’

‘It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog gray,
That, like a silvery crape, was spread
Round Skiddaw’s dim and distant head.’

—— ‘What time, or where
Did she pass, that maid with the heavenly brow,
With her look so sweet, and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step, and her angel air,
And the eagle-plume on her dark-brown hair,
That pass’d from my bower e’en now?’

‘Although it fell as faint and shy
As bashful maiden’s half-form’d sigh,
When she thinks her lover near.’

‘And light they fell, as when earth receives,
In morn of frost, the wither’d leaves,
That drop when no winds blow.’

‘Or if ’twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow’s varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.’

“These, it will be seen, are not exactly Coleridge, but they are precisely such an imitation of Coleridge as, we conceive, another poet of our acquaintance would write: on that ground, we are inclined to give some credit to the anecdote here related, and from it we leave our readers to guess, as we have done, who is the author of the poem.”—*Blackwood’s Magazine*: April, 1817.

APPENDIX

TO THE

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

NOTE A

———*the Baron of Triermain.*—P. 20.

THIS branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyl of Conishead Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above mentioned, the house of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line failing in John de Vaux, about the year 1665, his daughter and heiress, Mabel, married Christopher Richmond, Esq. of Highhead Castle, in the county of Cumberland, descended from an ancient family of that name, Lords of Corby Castle, in the same county, soon after the Conquest, and which they alienated about the 15th of Edward the Second, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont, (*miles auratus*,) in the reign of King Ed-

ward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaerlaveroc, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege,¹ his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, and a Chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their Castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great grandson of John Lord Clifford by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur) by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond, became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Torcrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson Henry Richmond died without issue, leaving five sisters coheiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq. of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of Workington, Esq., who represented the county of Cumberland for many years in Parliament, and by her had a daughter, married to

¹ [This poem has been recently edited by Sir Nicolas Harris Nicholas, 1833.]

John Christian, Esq. (now Curwen.) John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Bardsea Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and coheiress of Thomas Braddyl, Esq. of Braddyl, and Conishead Priory, in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters. 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d, Wilson, who upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Braddyl, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Braddyl, in pursuance of his will, by the King's sign-manual; 3d, William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. of Fulbourne, in the county of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the county of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Braddyl, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Margaret Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq. of Catgill Hall, in the county of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennet, D. D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the families above mentioned, he quarters, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in the College of Arms. 1st, Argent, a fess azure, between 3 saltiers of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or,—Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gemelles gules, and a chief or,—Richmond. 3d, Or, a fess chequy, or and gules between 9 gerbes gules,—Vaux of Caterlen. 4th, Gules, a fess chequy, or and gules between 6 gerbes or,—Vaux of Torcross-sock. 5th, Argent, (not vert, as stated by Burn,) a bend chequy, or and gules, for Vaux of Triermain.

6th, Gules, a cross patonce, or, Delamore. 7th, Gules, 6 lions rampant argent, 3, 2, and 1, Leybourne.—This more detailed genealogy of the family of Triermain was obligingly sent to the author, by Major Braddyll of Conishead Priory.

END OF APPENDIX TO TRIERMAIN.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS. 1816.

[“ Upon another occasion,” says Sir Walter, “ I sent up another of these trifles, which, like schoolboys’ kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel, or Scald, in opposition to the ‘ Bridal of Triermain,’ which was designed to belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called ‘ Harold the Dauntless;’ and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the ‘ Poetic Mirror,’ containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to ‘ Harold the Dauntless,’ that there was no discovering the original from the imitation; and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true and not the fictitious Simon Pure.”—INTRODUCTION TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES. 1830.]

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a mood of mind we all have known,
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,
Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell
of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such drearihood,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that morn which threatens the heath-
cock's brood ;
Of such, in summer's drought, the anglers plain,
Who hope the soft mild southern shower in vain ;
But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain

From county-ball, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay
prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee, Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device;—
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning-lathe for framing gimcrack nice;
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst claim,
Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice,
(Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
And much of trifling grave, and much of buxom
game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance
Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote!
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote,
That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to Indolence his harp he strung;—
Oh! might my lay be rank'd that happier list
among!¹

¹ [The dry humour, and sort of half Spenserian cast of these, as well as all the other introductory stanzas in the poem, we think excellent, and scarcely outdone by any thing of the kind we know of; and there are few parts, taken separately, that have not something attractive to the lover of

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail.
For me, I love my study-fire to trim,
And con right vacantly some idle tale,
Displaying on the couch each listless limb,
Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim,
And doubtful slumber half supplies the theme ;
While antique shapes of knight and giant grim,
Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
And the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's
dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair ;
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
In old romaunts of errantry that tell,
Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,
Of Genii, Talisman, and broad-wing'd Roc,
Though taste may blush and frown, and sober
reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes unsought
Arrange themselves in some romantic lay ;
The which, as things unfitting graver thought,
Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.—

natural poetry,—while any one page will show *how extremely like it is to the manner of Scott.*”—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1817.]

These few survive—and proudly let me say,
Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown ;
They well may serve to while an hour away,
Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time she drops
it down.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

LIST to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son!

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the
main.

Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known,
The winds of France had his banners blown;

Little was there to plunder, yet still
His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill :
But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most.
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung,
Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung,
" Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's
ire ! "

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell.
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their
train,—
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland.
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage ;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought ;

And the Count took upon him the peaceable style
Of a vassal and liegeman of Britain's broad isle.

IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led,
Many wax'd aged, and many were dead :
Himself found his armour full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair ;
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad,
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.
As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace, with prelate and priest ;
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said :
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.

"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd ;
Priests did'st thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn ;
Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light :
O, while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven !"

That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he steadfastly gazed ;
“ Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine.”

VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the church by bridle and spear ;
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
To better his will, and to soften his heart :
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for the faith than the lands that he wan.
The high church of Durham is dress'd for the day,
The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array :
There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm.
He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
With patience unwonted at rites divine ;
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace.
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and
shook ;
And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood,
“ Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good ! ”

VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite ;
The prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side.

Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearmen behind ;
Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne ;
And full in front did that fortress lour,
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower :
At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,
His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.
Rude he was and wild to behold,
Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
Cap of vair nor rich array,
Such as should grace that festal day :
His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,
Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced :
His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy
glow ;

A Danish club in his hand he bore,
The spikes were clotted with recent gore ;
At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
In the dangerous chase that morning slain.
Rude was the greeting his father he made,
None to the Bishop,—while thus he said :—

IX.

“ What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,

Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow ?
Cans't thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric's fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword ;
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who
tore,
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor ;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the
skull,
Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull ?
Then ye worshipp'd with rites that to war-gods
belong,
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the
strong ;
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,—
Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,—
Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear ?
Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower
To batten with priest and with paramour ?
Oh ! out upon thine endless shame !
Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father's name !”

x.

Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook ;—
“ Hear me, Harold of harden'd heart !
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.

Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
Fear my wrath and remain at peace :—
Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
Richly the church has a recompense made,
And the truth of her doctrines I prove with my
blade.

But reckoning to none of my actions I owe,
And least to my son such accounting will show.
Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
Who ne'er from thy childhood knew reason or
ruth?

Hence! to the wolf and the bear in her den;
These are thy mates, and not rational men."

XI.

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
"We must honour our sires, if we fear when
they chide.

For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made,
I was rocked in a buckler and fed from a blade;
An infant, was taught to clasp hands and to shout,
From the roofs of the tower when the flame had
broke out;

In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip,
And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip.—
'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast barter'd in
eld,

For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors
held.

When this wolf,"—and the carcass he flung on
the plain,—

“ Shall awake and give food to her nurslings
again,
The face of his father will Harold review ;
Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian, adieu ! ”

XII.

Priest, monk, and prelate, stood aghast,
As through the pageant the heathen pass'd.
A cross-bearer out of his saddle he flung,
Laid his hand on the pommel, and into it sprung.
Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
When the holy sign on the earth was thrown !
The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand,
But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand.
“ Let him pass free !—Heaven knows its hour,—
But he must own repentance's power,
Pray and weep, and penance bear,
Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear.”
Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is
gone
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's
son.

XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all ;
And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure
The scandal, which time and instruction might
cure :
It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to
restrain,

In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd Dane.
The mead flow'd around, and the ale was drain'd
dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry ;
With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in
The war-songs of Danesmen, Norweyan, and
Finn,
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall
floor ;
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild
rout,
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son ;
In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the
first,
For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed ;
And grieved was young Gunnar his master should
roam,
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.
He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of rain,
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and
pane ;
“And oh!” said the Page, “on the shelterless
wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold !
What though he was stubborn, and wayward and
wild,

He endured me because I was Ermengarde's
child,

And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbidden I run ;
I would I were older, and knighthood could bear,
I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the
Wear :

For my mother's command, with her last parting
breath,

Bade me follow her nursling in life and to death.

XV.

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain,
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain ;
Accursed by the church, and expell'd by his sire,
Nor Christian nor Dane give him shelter or fire,
And this tempest what mortal may houseless en-
dure ?

Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the moor !

Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he tarries not here."

He leapt from his couch and he grasp'd to his
spear ;

Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by his
tread,

The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead :

"Ungrateful and bestial !" his anger broke forth,

"To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the
North !

And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty in
store,

Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and ore."

XVI.

Then heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jorvaux's purse :
Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning has miss'd
His mantle, deep furr'd from the cape to the wrist :
The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has ta'en,
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hildebrand's
brain.)

To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has pass'd.
Sore snorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace ;
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning show'd there where
lay
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the clay.

XVII.

Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand !"
And raised the club in his deadly hand.
The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,
Show'd the palfrey and proffer'd the gold.
"Back, back, and home, thou simple boy !
Thou canst not share my grief or joy :
Have I not mark'd thee wail and cry
When thou hast seen a sparrow die ?
And canst thou, as my follower should,

Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,
Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,
And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill?
Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,
Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!”

XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough,
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark
brow,
And half he repented his purpose and vow.
But now to draw back were bootless shame,
And he loved his master, so urged his claim :
“ Alas ! if my arm and my courage be weak,
Bear with me awhile for old Ermengarde's sake ;
Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith,
As to fear he would break it for peril of death.
Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold,
This surcoat and mantle to fence thee from cold ?
And, did I bear a baser mind,
What lot remains if I stay behind ?
The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath,
A dungeon, and a shameful death.”

XIX.

With gentler look Lord Harold eyed
The Page, then turn'd his head aside ;

And either a tear did his eyelash stain,
Or it caught a drop of the passing rain.
"Art thou an outcast, then?" quoth he ;
"The meeter page to follow me."
"Twere bootless to tell what climes they sought,
Ventures achieved, and battles fought ;
How oft with few, how oft alone,
Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won.
Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red
When each other glance was quench'd with dread,
Bore oft a light of deadly flame,
That ne'er from mortal courage came.
Those limbs so strong, that mood so stern,
That loved the couch of heath and fern,
Afar from hamlet, tower, and town,
More than to rest on driven down ;
That stubborn frame, that sullen mood,
Men deem'd must come of aught but good ;
And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend was
at one
With Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XX.

Years after years had gone and fled,
The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead ;
In the chapel still is shown
His sculptured form on a marble stone,
With staff and ring and scapulaire,
And folded hands in the act of prayer.
Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldingar's brow ;

The power of his crozier he loved to extend
O'er whatever would break, or whatever would
bend;

And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall,
And the Chapter of Durham has met at his call.
"And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop said,
"That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind's
dead ?

All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy church for the love of heaven,
And hath founded a chantry with stipend and
dole,
That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his
soul :

Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man and abhorr'd by God ;
Meet it is not, that such should heir
The lands of the church on the Tyne and the
Wear,

And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands
May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXI.

Answer'd good Eustace,¹ a canon old,—
"Harold is tameless, and furious, and bold ;

¹ ["It may be worthy of notice, that in Harold the Dauntless there is a wise and good Eustace, as in the Monastery, and a Prior of Jorvaux, who is robbed (*ante*, stanza xvi.) as in *Ivanhoe*."]—ADOLPHUS'S *Letters on the Author of Waverley*, 1822, p. 281.]

Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name :
Much of bloodshed and much of scathe
Have been their lot who have waked his wrath.
Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will ;
But if reft of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair.”
More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sate around,
And with one consent have they given their doom,
That the church should the lands of Saint Cuth-
bert resume.
So will'd the Prelate ; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

'Tis merry in greenwood,—thus runs the old lay,—
In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
 Invites to forest bower ;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
 Like a chieftain's frowning tower ;
Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between.
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
 With brighter tints the flower :
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
 When the sun is in his power.

II.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,
 When the greenwood loses the name ;
Silent is then the forest bound,
Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound
Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,
Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound
 That opens on his game :
Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
Whether the sun in splendour ride,
And gild its many-colour'd side,
Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
And half involves the woodland maze,
 Like an early widow's veil,
Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
The form half hides, and half betrays,
 Of beauty wan and pale.

III.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
Her father a rover of greenwood shade,
By forest statutes undismay'd,
 Who lived by bow and quiver ;
Well known was Wulfstane's archery,
By merry Tyne both on moor and lea,
Through wooded Weardale's glens so free,
Well beside Stanhope's wildwood tree,
 And well on Ganlesse river.

Yet free though he trespass'd on woodland game,
More known and more fear'd was the wizard
fame

Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw's dame,
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye of flame,
More fear'd when in wrath she laugh'd ;
For then, 'twas said, more fatal true
To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstane's bended yew
Sprung forth the grey-goose shaft.

IV.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,
So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair ;
None brighter crown'd the bed,
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,
Nor hath perchance a lovelier since
In this fair isle been bred.

And nought of fraud, or ire, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,—

A simple maiden she ;
The spells in dimpled smile that lie,
And a downcast blush, and the darts that fly
With the sidelong glance of a hazel eye,
Were her arms and witchery.

So young, so simple was she yet,
She scarce could childhood's joys forget,
And still she loved, in secret set

Beneath the greenwood tree,
To plait the rushy coronet,

And braid with flowers her locks of jet,

As when in infancy ;—

Yet could that heart, so simple, prove

The early dawn of stealing love :

Ah ! gentle maid, beware !

The power who, now so mild a guest,

Gives dangerous yet delicious zest

To the calm pleasures of thy breast,

Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,

Let none his empire share.

V.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,

Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,

And, where a fountain sprung,

She sate her down, unseen, to thread

The scarlet berry's mimic braid,

And while the beads she strung,

Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay

Gives a good-morrow to the day,

So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

SONG.

“ LORD WILLIAM was born in gilded bower,

The heir of Wilton's lofty tower ;

Yet better loves Lord William now

To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow ;

And William has lived where ladies fair

With gawds and jewels deck their hair,

Yet better loves the dewdrops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

“The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert’s hallow’d beads to kiss ;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me ;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble’s fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

“My nurse has told me many a tale,
How vows of love are weak and frail ;
My mother says that courtly youth
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.
What should they mean ? it cannot be,
That such a warning’s meant for me,
For nought—oh ! nought of fraud or ill
Can William mean to Metelill !”

VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel
A weighty hand, a glove of steel,
Upon her shrinking shoulders laid ;
Fearful she turn’d, and saw, dismay’d,
A Knight in plate and mail array’d,
His crest and bearing worn and fray’d
His surcoat soil’d and riven,
Form’d like that giant race of yore,

Whose long-continued crimes outwore
The sufferance of Heaven.
Stern accents made his pleasure known,
Though then he used his gentlest tone :
“ Maiden,” he said, “ sing forth thy glee.
Start not—sing on—it pleases me.”

VIII.

Secured within his powerful hold,
To bend her knee, her hands to fold,
Was all the maiden might ;
And “ Oh ! forgive,” she faintly said,
“ The terrors of a simple maid,
If thou art mortal wight !
But if—of such strange tales are told,—
Unearthly warrior of the wold,
Thou comest to chide mine accents bold,
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
At noon and midnight pleasing well
The disembodied ear ;
Oh ! let her powerful charms atone
For aught my rashness may have done,
And cease thy grasp of fear.”
Then laughed the Knight—his laughter’s sound
Half in the hollow helmet drown’d ;
His barred visor then he raised,
And steady on the maiden gazed.
He smooth’d his brows, as best he might,
To the dread calm of autumn night,
When sinks the tempest roar ;

Yet still the cautious fishers eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.

"Damsel," he said, "be wise and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern :
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have plann'd
In this my native Northern land
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone—a mate I seek ;
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—
No lordly dame for me ;
Myself am something rough of mood,
And feel the fire of royal blood,
And therefore do not hold it good
To match in my degree.
Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,
'Tis meet that my selected bride
In lineaments be fair ;
I love thine well—till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not !—
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,
To woo my love, and bear her home."

X.

Home sprung the maid without a pause,
As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's jaws ;
But still she lock'd, howe'er distress'd,
The secret in her boding breast ;
Dreading her sire, who oft forbade
Her steps should stray to distant glade.
Night came—to her accustom'd nook
Her distaff aged Jutta took,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and bow.
Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
Upstart'd slumbering brach and hound ;
Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
And Wulfstane snatches at his arms,
When open flew the yielding door,
And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

XI.

“All peace be here—What! none replies?
Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
'Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—
Or, trembler, did thy courage fail?
It recks not—it is I demand
Fair Metelill in marriage band ;
Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and caitiff's shame.”
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise :
Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began

The stranger's size and thewes to scan ;
But as he scann'd, his courage sunk,
And from unequal strife he shrunk,
Then forth, to blight and blemish, flies
The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes ;
Yet, fatal howsoe'er, the spell
On Harold innocently fell !
And disappointment and amaze
Were in the witch's wilder'd gaze.

XII.

But soon the wit of woman woke,
And to the Warrior mild she spoke :
“ Her child was all too young.”—“ A toy,
The refuge of a maiden coy.”—
Again, “ A powerful baron's heir
Claims in her heart an interest fair.”—
“ A trifle—whisper in his ear,
That Harold is a suitor here ! ”—
Baffled at length she sought delay :
“ Would not the Knight till morning stay ?
Late was the hour—he there might rest
Till morn, their lodge's honour'd guest.”
Such were her words,—her craft might cast,
Her honour'd guest should sleep his last :
“ No, not to-night—but soon,” he swore,
“ He would return, nor leave them more.”
The threshold then his huge stride crost,
And soon he was in darkness lost.

XIII.

Appall'd awnile the parents stood,
Then changed their fear to angry mood,
And foremost fell their words of ill
On unresisting Metelill :
Was she not caution'd and forbid,
Forewarn'd, implored, accused, and chid,
And must she still to greenwood roam,
To marshal such misfortune home ?
" Hence, minion—to thy chamber hence—
There prudence learn, and penitence."
She went—her lonely couch to steep
In tears which absent lovers weep ;
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,
Fierce Harold's suit was still the theme
And terror of her feverish dream.

XIV.

Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire
Upon each other bent their ire ;
" A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,
And couldst thou such an insult bear ?"
Sullen he said, " A man contends
With men, a witch with sprites and fiends ;
Not to mere mortal wight belong
Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong.
But thou—is this thy promise fair,
That your Lord William, wealthy heir
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear,
Should Metelill to altar bear ?

Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,
His grain in autumn's storms to steep,
Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,
And hag-ride some poor rustic's sleep?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorceress and witch's name?
Fame, which with all men's wish conspires,
With thy deserts and my desires,
To damn thy corpse to penal fires?
Out on thee, witch! aroint! aroint!
What now shall put thy schemes in joint?
What save this trusty arrow's point,
From the dark dingle when it flies,
And he who meets it gasps and dies."

XV.

Stern she replied, "I will not wage
War with thy folly or thy rage;
But ere the morrow's sun be low,
Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.
Believe the while, that whatso'er
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of pilfer'd deer to die.
But he, and thou, and yon pale moon,
(That shall be yet more pallid soon,
Before she sink behind the dell,
Thou, she, and Harold too, shall tell

What Jutta knows of charm or spell."
Thus muttering, to the door she bent
Her wayward steps, and forth she went,
And left alone the moody sire,
To cherish or to slake his ire.

XVI.

Far faster than belong'd to age
Has Jutta made her pilgrimage.
A priest has met her as she pass'd,
And cross'd himself and stood aghast :
She traced a hamlet—not a cur
His throat would ope, his foot would stir ;
By crouch, by trembling, and by groan,
They made her hated presence known !
But when she trode the sable fell,
Were wilder sounds her way to tell,—
For far was heard the fox's yell,
The black-cock waked and faintly crew,
Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew :
Where o'er the cataract the oak
Lay slant, was heard the raven's croak ;
The mountain-cat, which sought his prey,
Glared, scream'd, and started from her way.
Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone :
There, with unhallow'd hymn of praise,
She call'd a God of heathen days.

XVII.

INVOCATION.

“FROM thy Pomeranian throne,
Hewn in rock of living stone,
Where to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett,
And their swords in vengeance whet,
That shall make thine altars wet,
Wet and red for ages more
With the Christians’ hated gore,—
Hear me! Sovereign of the Rock,
Hear me! mighty Zerneck.

“ Mightiest of the mighty known,
Here thy wonders have been shown ;
Hundred tribes in various tongue
Oft have here thy praises sung ;
Down that stone with Runic seam’d,
Hundred victims’ blood hath stream’d !
Now one woman comes alone,
And but wets it with her own,
The last, the feeblest of thy flock,—
Hear—and be present, Zerneck !

“ Hark ! he comes ! the night-blast cold
Wilder sweeps along the wold ;
The cloudless moon grows dark and dim,
And bristling hair and quaking limb
Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,—

Those who view his form shall die !
Lo ! I stoop and veil my head ;
Thou who ridest the tempest dread,
Shaking hill and rending oak—
Spare me ! spare me ! Zernebock.

“ He comes not yet ! Shall cold delay
Thy votaress at her need repay ?
Thou—shall I call thee god or fiend ?—
Let others on thy mood attend
With prayer and ritual—Jutta’s arms
Are necromantic words and charms ;
Mine is the spell, that, utter’d once,
Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
And burst his seven-times-twisted chain !—
So ! com’st thou ere the spell is spoke ?
I own thy presence, Zernebock.”—

XVIII.

“ Daughter of dust,” the Deep Voice said,
—Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
Rock’d on the base that massive stone,
The Evil Deity to own,—
“ Daughter of dust ! not mine the power
Thou seek’st on Harold’s fatal hour.
' Twixt heaven and hell there is a strife
Waged for his soul and for his life,
And fain would we the combat win,
And snatch him in his hour of sin.

There is a star now rising red,
That threatens him with an influence dread :
Women, thine arts of malice whet,
To use the space before it set.
Involve him with the church in strife,
Push on adventurous chance his life ;
Ourself will in the hour of need,
As best we may, thy counsels speed.”
So ceased the Voice ; for seven leagues round
Each hamlet started at the sound ;
But slept again, as slowly died
Its thunders on the hill’s brown side.

XIX.

“ And is this all,” said Jutta stern,
“ That thou canst teach and I can learn ?
Hence ! to the land of fog and waste,
There fittest is thine influence placed,
Thou powerless, sluggish Deity !
But ne’er shall Briton bend the knee
Again before so poor a god.”
She struck the altar with her rod ;
Slight was the touch, as when at need
A damsel stirs her tardy steed ;
But to the blow the stone gave place,
And, starting from its balanced base,
Roll’d thundering down the moonlight dell,—
Reëcho’d moorland, rock, and fell ;
Into the moonlight tarn it dash’d,
Their shores the sounding surges lash’d,

And there was ripple, rage, and foam ;
But on that lake, so dark and lone,
Placid and pale the moonbeam shone
As Jutta hied her home.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

GREY towers of Durham! there was once a
time
I view'd your battlements with such vague
hope,
As brightens life in its first dawning prime;
Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope;
Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
Her flattering dreams would in perspective ope
Some reverend room, some prebendary's stall,—
And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth all.¹

¹ [In this stanza occurs one of many touches by which, in the introductory passages of *Harold the Dauntless*, as of *Triermain*, Sir Walter Scott betrays his half-purpose of identifying the author with his friend William Erskine. That gentleman, the son of an Episcopalian clergyman, a stanch

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the
Scot,
And long to roam these venerable aisles,
With records stored of deeds long since forgot;
There might I share my Surtees'¹ happier
lot,
Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly
shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
Each vacant hour, and in another clime;
But still that northern harp invites my hand,
Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time;
And fain its numbers would I now command
To paint the beauties of that dawning fair,
When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
Upon the western heights of Beaurepaire,
Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding
Wear.

churenman, and a man of the gentlest habits, if he did not in early life design to follow the paternal profession, might easily be supposed to have nourished such an intention—one which no one could ever have dreamt of ascribing at any period of his days to Sir Walter Scott himself.]

¹ [Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, Esq., F. S. A., author of "The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham." 3 vols. folio, 1816-20-23.]

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams
danced,

Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and
flank,

Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,
And girdled in the massive donjon Keep,
And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and
bank

The matin bell with summons long and deep,
And echo answer'd still with long-resounding
sweep.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
Each merry bird awaken'd round,
As if in revelry ;

Afar the bugles' clanging sound
Call'd to the chase the lagging hound ;

The gale breathed soft and free,
And seem'd to linger on its way
To catch fresh odours from the spray,
And waved it in its wanton play
So light and gamesomely.

The scenes which morning beams reveal,
Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
In all their fragrance round him steal,
It melted Harold's heart of steel,

And, hardly wotting why,
He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
And hung it on a tree beside,
 Laid mace and falchion by,
And on the greensward sate him down,
And from his dark habitual frown
 Relax'd his rugged brow—
Whoever hath the doubtful task
From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
 Were wise to ask it now.

IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took,
And mark'd his master's softening look,
And in his eye's dark mirror spied
The gloom of stormy thoughts subside,
And cautious watch'd the fittest tide
 To speak a warning word.
So when the torrent's billows shrink,
The timid pilgrim on the brink
Waits long to see them wave and sink,
 Ere he dare brave the ford,
And often, after doubtful pause,
His step advances or withdraws:
Fearful to move the slumbering ire
Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire,
 Till Harold raised his eye,
That glanced as when athwart the shroud
Of the dispersing tempest-cloud
 The bursting sunbeams fly.

V.

“Arouse thee, son of Ermengarde,
Offspring of prophetess and bard!
Take harp, and greet this lovely prime
With some high strain of Runic rhyme,
Strong, deep, and powerful! Peal it round
Like that loud bell’s sonorous sound,
Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
Of bird and bugle hail the day.
Such was my grandsire Erick’s sport,
When dawn gleam’d on his martial court.
Heymar the Scald, with harp’s high sound,
Summon’d the chiefs who slept around;
Couch’d on the spoils of wolf and bear,
They roused like lions from their lair,
Then rush’d in emulation forth
To enhance the glories of the north.—
Proud Erick, mightiest of thy race,
Where is thy shadowy resting-place?
In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff’d
From foeman’s skull metheglin draught,
Or wander’st where thy cairn was piled
To frown o’er oceans wide and wild?
Or have the milder Christians given
Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven?
Where’er thou art, to thee are known
Our toils endured, our trophies won,
Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes.”
He ceased, and Gunnar’s song arose.

VI.

SONG.

“HAWK and osprey scream’d for joy
O’er the beetling cliffs of Hoy,
Crimson foam the beach o’erspread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o’er Erick, Inguar’s son,
Dane and Northman piled the stone ;
Singing wild the war-song stern,
‘Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn !’

“Where eddyng currents foam and boil
By Bersa’s burgh and Græmsay’s isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-mingled with the mist and storm.
In anxious awe he bears away
To moor his bark in Stromna’s bay,
And murmurs from the bounding stern,
‘Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn !’

“What cares disturb the mighty dead ?
Each honour’d rite was duly paid ;
No daring hand thy helm unlaced,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,
Thy flinty couch no tear profaned,
Without, with hostile blood was stain’d ;
Within, ’twas lined with moss and fern,—
Then rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn !—

“He may not rest : from realms afar
Comes voice of battle and of war,
Of conquest wrought with bloody hand
On Carmel’s cliffs and Jordan’s strand,
When Odin’s warlike son could daunt
The turban’d race of Termagaunt.”——

VII.

“Peace,” said the Knight, “the noble Scald
Our warlike father’s deeds recall’d,
But never strove to soothe the son
With tales of what himself had done.
At Odin’s board the bard sits high
Whose harp ne’er stoop’d to flattery ;
But highest he whose daring lay
Hath dared unwelcome truths to say.”
With doubtful smile young Gunnar eyed
His master’s looks, and nought replied—
But well that smile his master led
To construe what he left unsaid.
“Is it to me, thou timid youth,
Thou fear’st to speak unwelcome truth?
My soul no more thy censure grieves
Than frosts rob laurels of their leaves.
Say on—and yet—beware the rude
And wild distemper of my blood ;
Loath were I that mine ire should wrong
The youth that bore my shield so long,
And who, in service constant still,
Though weak in frame, art strong in will.”——

“Oh!” quoth the page, “even there depends
My counsel—there my warning tends—
Oft seems as of my master’s breast
Some demon were the sudden guest ;
Then at the first misconstrued word
His hand is on the mace and sword,
From her firm seat his wisdom driven,
His life to countless dangers given.—
O ! would that Gunnar could suffice
To be the fiend’s last sacrifice,
So that, when gluttred with my gore,
He fled and tempted thee no more !”

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his head
The impatient Dane, while thus he said :
“ Profane not, youth—it is not thine
To judge the spirit of our line—
The bold Berserker’s rage divine,
Through whose inspiring, deeds are wrought
Past human strength and human thought.
When full upon his gloomy soul
The champion feels the influence roll,
He swims the lake, he leaps the wall—
Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the fall—
Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes
Singly against a host of foes ;
Their spears he holds like wither’d reeds,
Their mail like maiden’s silken weeds ;
One ’gainst a hundred will he strive,

Take countless wounds, and yet survive.
Then rush the eagles to his cry
Of slaughter and of victory,—
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
Deep drinks his sword,—deep drinks his soul ;
And all that meet him in his ire
He gives to ruin, rout, and fire,
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some den,
And couches till he's man agen.—
Thou know'st the signs of look and limb,
When 'gins that rage to overbrim—
Thou know'st when I am moved, and why ;
And when thou seest me roll mine eye,
Set my teeth thus, and stamp my foot,
Regard thy safety and be mute ;
But else speak boldly out whate'er
Is fitting that a knight should hear.
I love thee, youth. Thy lay has power
Upon my dark and sullen hour ;—
So Christian monks are wont to say
Demons of old were charm'd away ;
Then fear not I will rashly deem
— Ill of thy speech, whate'er the theme.”

IX.

As down some strait in doubt and dread
The watchful pilot drops the lead,
And, cautious in the midst to steer,
The shoaling channel sounds with fear ;
So, lest on dangerous ground he swerved,

The Page his master's brow observed,
Pausing at intervals to fling
His hand on the melodious string,
And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half exprest,
This warning song convey'd the rest.

SONG.

1.

"Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,
And ill when on the breakers driven,—
Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air,
And the scared mermaid tears her hair;
But worse when on her helm the hand
Of some false traitor holds command.

2.

"Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed
'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rana's waste,—
Ill when the scorching sun is high,
And the expected font is dry,—
Worse when his guide o'er sand and heath,
The barbarous Copt has plann'd his death.

3.

"Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft,
And ill when of his helm bereft,—
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
Or from his grasp his falchion wrung;

But worse, if instant ruin token,
When he lists rede by woman spoken.”—

X.

“How now, fond boy?—Canst thou think ill,”
Said Harold, “of fair Metelill?”—

“She may be fair,” the Page replied,
As through the strings he ranged,—
“She may be fair; but yet,”—he cried,
And then the strain he changed,—

SONG.

1.

“She may be fair,” he sang, “but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
My heart should own no foreign charms,—
A Danish maid for me.

2.

“I love my father’s northern land,
Where the dark pine-trees grow,
And the bold Baltic’s echoing strand
Looks o’er each grassy oe.¹
I love to mark the lingering sun,

¹ *Oe*—Island.

From Denmark loath to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

3.

“But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark’s snow,
And form as fair as Denmark’s pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;
And sweetly blend that shade of gold
With the cheek’s rosy hue,
And Faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

4.

“’Tis hers the manly sports to love
That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter’s spear.
She can her chosen champion’s flight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!”

XI.

Then smiled the Dane—“Thou canst so well
The virtues of our maidens tell,

Half could I wish my choice had been
Blue eyes and hair of golden sheen,
And lofty soul ;—yet what of ill
Hast thou to charge on Metelill ? ”—
“ Nothing on her,”¹ young Gunnar said,
“ But her base sire’s ignoble trade.
Her mother, too—the general fame
Hath given to Jutta evil name,
And in her grey eye is a flame
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame.—
That sordid woodman’s peasant cot
Twice have thine honour’d footsteps sought,
And twice return’d with such ill rede
As sent thee on some desperate deed.”—

XII.

“ Thou errest ; Jutta wisely said,
He that comes suitor to a maid,
Ere link’d in marriage should provide,
Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
My father’s by the Tyne and Wear
I have reclaimed.”—“ O, all too dear,
And all too dangerous the prize,
E’en were it won,” young Gunnar cries ;
“ And then this Jutta’s fresh device,
That thou shouldst seek, a heathen Dane,
From Durham’s priests a boon to gain,

¹ [“ Nothing on her,” is the reading of the interleaved copy of 1831—“ On her nought,” in all the former editions.]

When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own halls !"—Flash'd Harold's eye,
Thunder'd his voice—" False Page, you lie !
The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.
The wild-cat will defend his den,
Fights for her nest the timid wren ;
And think'st thou I'll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight ?—
Up and away, that deepening bell
Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell.
Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue ;
And, if to right me they are loath,
Then woe to church and chapter both !"
Now shift the scene, and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be St. Cuthbert's hall.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

FULL many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'er-canopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof,
And blending with the shade—a matchless
proof
Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold ; ¹
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred fold,

¹ [“ All is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful !
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs

Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fane
of old.¹

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the route
Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to
come,

Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out
And cleanse our chancel from the rags of Rome,
They spoke not on our ancient fane the doom
To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own,
But spared the martyr'd saint and storied tomb,
Though papal miracles had graced the stone,
And though the aisles still loved the organ's swelling
tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint
A prelate sway'd by love of power and gold,
That all who wore the mitre of our Saint
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold ;
Since both in modern times and days of old
It sate on those whose virtues might atone
Their predecessors' frailties trebly told :
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd Bar-
rington.²

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*, Act II. sc. 1.

See also Joanna Baillie's "De Montfort," Acts IV. and V.]

¹ [See, in the Apocryphal Books, "The History of Bel and the Dragon."]

² [See, for the lives of Bishop Matthew and Bishop Morton,

II.

But now to earlier and to ruder times,
As subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,
Telling how fairly the chapter was met,
And rood and books in seemly order set ;
Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
Of studious priest but rarely scann'd,
Now on fair carved desk display'd,
'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
O'erhead with many a scutcheon graced,
And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows ;
Beneath its shade placed proud and high,
With footstool and with canopy,
Sate Aldingar, and prelate ne'er
More haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair ;
Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row.
Unmoved and silent each sat there,
Like image in his oaken chair ;
Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr'd,
Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard ;
And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle show'd they were not stone.

here alluded to, Mr. Surtees's History of the Bishopric of Durham: the venerable Shute Barrington, their honoured successor, ever a kind friend of Sir Walter Scott, died in 1826.]

III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd,
Each head sunk reverent on each breast ;
But ere his voice was heard—without
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear
Hailing the flames, that, bursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased, a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way,
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges bray,
And, ere upon angel or saint they can call,
Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall.

IV.

“Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood,
From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood !
For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son,
Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors
won.”
The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled
eye,
Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny ;
While each Canon and Deacon who heard the
Dane speak,
To be safely at home would have fasted a week :—
Then Aldingar roused him, and answer'd again,

“Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not
obtain ;
The church hath no fiefs for an unchristen’d Dane.
Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given,
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to
heaven ;
And the fiefs which whilome he possess’d as his
due,
Have lapsed to the church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service St. Cuthbert’s bless’d banner to
bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the
Wear ;
Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or
blame,
But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye
came.”

V.

Loud laugh’d the stern Pagan,—“They’re free
from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere,—
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corslet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens!”—and, sever’d anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder’d with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance
shrunk,

And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
There was not a churchman or priest that was
there,
But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to
prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear :
" Was this the hand should your banner bear ?
Was that the head should wear the casque
In battle at the church's task ?
Was it to such you gave the place
Of Harold with the heavy mace ?
Find me between the Wear and Tyne
A knight will wield this club of mine,—
Give him my fiefs, and I will say
There's wit beneath the cowl of gray."
He raised it, rough with many a stain,
Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain ;
He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung,
And the aisles echoed as it swung,
Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.—
" How like ye this music ? How trow ye the
hand
That can wield such a mace may be reft of its
land ?
No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.

Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on
your bell,
And again I am with you—grave fathers, fare-
well.”

VII.

He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oak
door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the
floor ;
And his head from his bosom the Prelate uprears
With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost disappears.
“ Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now give me your
rede,
For never of counsel had Bishop more need !
Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in bone,
The language, the look, and the laugh, were his
own.
In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a
knight
Dare confront in our quarrel yon goblin in fight ;
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny.”

VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morning had fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf—'twas thus that he said ;
“ Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply ;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be
pour'd high :

If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is
ours—

His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers.”

This man had a laughing eye,

Trust not, friends, when such you spy ;

A beaker's depth he well could drain,

Revel, sport, and jest amain—

The haunch of the deer and the grape's bright dye

Never bard loved them better than I ;

But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine,

Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at mine,

Though the buck were of Bearpark, of Bordeaux
the vine,

With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine

On an oaken cake and a draught of the Tyne.

IX.

Walwayn the Leech spoke next—he knew

Each plant that loves the sun and dew,

But special those whose juice can gain

Dominion o'er the blood and brain ;

The peasant who saw him by pale moonbeam

Gathering such herbs by bank and stream,

Deem'd his thin form and soundless tread

Were those of wanderer from the dead.—

“ Vinsauf, thy wine,” he said, “ hath power,

Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower ;

Yet three drops from this flask of mine,

More strong than dungeons, gyves, or wine,

Shall give him prison under ground

More dark, more narrow, more profound.
Short rede, good rede, let Harold have—
A dog's death and a heathen's grave."
I have lain on a sick man's bed,
Watching for hours for the leech's tread,
As if I deem'd that his presence alone
Were of power to bid my pain begone ;
I have listed his words of comfort given,
As if to oracles from heaven ;
I have counted his steps from my chamber
door,
And bless'd them when they were heard no
more ;—
But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch should
nigh,
My choice were by leech-craft unaided to die.

x.

"Such service done in fervent zeal
The Church may pardon and conceal,"
The doubtful Prelate said, "but ne'er
The counsel ere the act should hear.—
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow ;
Thy days, thy nights, in cloister pent,
Are still to mystic learning lent ;—
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
Thou well mayst give counsel to Prelate or
Pope."

XI.

Answer'd the Prior—" 'Tis wisdom's use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse ;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task ;
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread ;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
That calls but for proof of his chivalry ;
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
Our wilds have adventure might cumber them
long—

The Castle of Seven Shields"——" Kind Anselm,
no more !

The step of the Pagan approaches the door."
The churchmen were hush'd.—In his mantle of
skin,
With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold
strode in.

There was foam on his lips, there was fire in his
eye,

For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.

"Ho! Bishop," he said, "dost thou grant me my
claim ?

Or must I assert it by falchion and flame ?"—

XII.

"On thy suit, gallant Harold," the Bishop replied
In accents which trembled, "we may not decide,

Until proof of your strength and your valour we
saw—

'Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the
law.”—

“And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold make
sport

For the cowls and the shavelings that herd in thy
court?

Say what shall he do?—From the shrine shall he
tear

The lead bier of thy patron, and heave it in air,
And through the long chancel make Cuthbert take
wing,

With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd from the
sling?”—

“Nay, spare such probation,” the Cellarer said,

“From the mouth of our minstrels thy task shall
be read.

While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of gold,
And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be told;
And thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell
That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings,
meant well.”

XIII.

Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang,
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang;
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul,
E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's control,
Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye,

And often untasted the goblet passed by ;
Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear
The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear ;
And the Bishop that day might of Vinsauf complain
That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in
vain.

XIV.

THE CASTLE OF THE SEVEN SHIELDS.

A BALLAD.

THE Druid Urien had daughters seven,
Their skill could call the moon from heaven ;
So fair their forms and so high their fame,
That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and
Wales,
Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their
nails ;
From Strath-Clwyde was Ewain, and Ewain was
lame;
And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth ;
Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth ;
But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir,
Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one
would have
For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave ;
And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to
blows,
When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-
fiend arose !

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil—
They swore to the foe they would work by his
will.
A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,
“Now hearken my spell,” said the Outcast of
heaven.

“Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall
have power,
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour.”

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold,
And the rhymes which they chanted must never
be told ;
And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,
With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the
thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold
gleam,
The castle arose like the birth of a dream—

The seven towers ascended like mist from the
ground,
Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were
wed,
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead ;
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all
red,
Seven damsels surround the Northumbrian's bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done,
Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won,
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless
too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he
wed
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune to his
bed ;
He sprung from the couch and his broadsword he
drew,
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a
shield ;

To the cells of St. Dunstan then wended his way,
And died in his cloister an anchorite gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and
toad.

Whoever shall guesten these chambers within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes
old !

There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,
So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,
As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the
rye,
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly,
And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in the
sun,
Before that adventure be peril'd and won.¹

¹ [“ The word ‘peril,’ is continually used as a verb by both writers :

‘ Nor peril aught for me agen.’

Lady of the Lake. Canto ii. st. 26.

‘ I peril'd thus the helpless child.’

Lord of the Isles. Canto v. st. 10.

‘ Were the blood of all my ancestors in my veins, I
would have peril'd it in this quarrel.’

Waverley.

XV.

“And is this my probation?” wild Harold he
said,
“Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop, Saint Cuthbert to
borrow,
The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-mor-
row.”

‘I were undeserving his grace, did I not peril it for his
good.’ *Ivanhoe.*

&c. &c.”—*Adolphus's Letters on the Author of Waverley.*]

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

DENMARK's sage courtier to her princely youth,
Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale,¹
Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth ;
For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.
The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale,
Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze,
Are but the groundwork of the rich detail
Which Fantasy with pencil wild portrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt muser's
gaze.

¹ ["*Hamlet*. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale."

Hamlet.]

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the Sorceress's empire given ;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge, or vacant
 heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
She limns her pictures : on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven ;
And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the
 share.

II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay ;
Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
Ever companion of his master's way.
Midward their path, a rock of granite gray
From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement,
Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw,
 and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought en-
 gage

Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,
And at his master ask'd the timid Page,
“ What is the emblem that a bard shou'd spy
In that rude rock and its green canopy ? ”

And Harold said, "Like to the helmet brave
Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie,
And these same drooping boughs do o'er it wave
Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour
gave."—

"Ah, no!" replied the Page; "the ill-starr'd
love
Of some poor maid is in the emblem shown,
Whose fates are with some hero's interwove,
And rooted on a heart to love unknown:
And as the gentle dews of heaven alone
Nourish those drooping boughs, and as the scathe
Of the red lightning rends both tree and stone,
So fares it with her unrequited faith,—
Her sole relief is tears—her only refuge death."—

III.

"Thou art a fond fantastic boy,"
Harold replied, "to females coy,
Yet prating still of love;
Even so amid the clash of war
I know thou lovest to keep afar,
Though destined by thy evil star
With one like me to rove,
Whose business and whose joys are found
Upon the bloody battle-ground.
Yet, foolish trembler as thou art,
Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,
And thou and I will never part;—

Harold would wrap the world in flame
Ere injury on Gunnar came."

IV.

The grateful Page made no reply,
But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye,
And clasp'd his hands, as one who said,
"My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaid!"
Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again;
And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
They melted into song.

V.

"What though through fields of carnage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride
Lord Harold's feats can see?
And dearer than the couch of pride
He loves the bed of gray wolf's hide,
When slumbering by Lord Harold's side
In forest, field, or lea."—

VI.

"Break off!" said Harold, in a tone
Where hurry and surprise were shown,
With some slight touch of fear,—
"Break off, we are not here alone;

A Palmer form comes slowly on !
By cowl, and staff, and mantle known,
 My monitor is near.
Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully ;
He pauses by the blighted tree—
Dost see him youth ?—Thou couldst not see
When in the vale of Galilee
 I first beheld his form,
Nor when we met that other while
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,
 Before the fearful storm,—
Dost see him now ?"—The Page distraught
With terror, answered, " I see nought,
 And there is nought to see,
Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling
 down
Upon the path a shadow brown,
That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,
 Waves with the waving tree."

VII.

Count Harold gazed upon the oak
As if his eyestrings would have broke,
 And then resolvedly said,—
" Be what it will yon phantom gray—
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
 Count Harold turn'd dismay'd :
I'll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwonted thrill

Which vulgar minds call fear.¹
 I will subdue it!"—Forth he strode,
 Paused where the blighted oak-tree show'd
 Its sable shadow on the road,
 And, folding on his bosom broad
 His arms, said, "Speak—I hear."

VIII.

The Deep Voice² said, "O wild of will,
 Furious thy purpose to fulfil—
 Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still,
 How long, O Harold, shall thy tread
 Disturb the slumbers of the dead?
 Each step in thy wild way thou makest,
 The ashes of the dead thou wakest;
 And shout in triumph o'er thy path
 The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath.
 In this thine hour yet turn and hear!
 For life is brief and judgment near."

IX.

Then ceased The Voice.—The Dane replied
 In tones where awe and inborn pride
 For mastery strove,—“In vain ye chide

¹ [“I’ll speak to it, though hell itself should gape.”
Hamlet.]

² [“Why sit’st thou by that ruin’d hall,
 Thou aged carle, so stern and gray?

— — — — —
 ‘Know’st thou not me?’ the Deep Voice cried.”
Waverley Novels—Antiquary, vol. v., p. 145.]

The wolf for ravaging the flock,
Or with its hardness taunt the rock,—
I am as they—my Danish strain
Sends streams of fire through ev'ry vein.
Amid thy realms of goule and ghost,
Say, is the fame of Erick lost,
Or Witikind's the Waster, known
Where fame or spoil was to be won;
Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shore
They left not black with flame?—
He was my sire,—and, sprung of him,
That rover merciless and grim,
Can I be soft and tame?
Part hence, and with my crimes no more upbraid
me,
I am that Waster's son, and am but what he made
me."

X.

The Phantom groan'd ;—the mountain shook
around,
The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound,
The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave,
As if some sudden storm the impulse gave.
"All thou hast said is truth—Yet on the head
Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid,
That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace,
From grave to cradle ran the evil race :—
Relentless in his avarice and ire,
Churches and towns he gave to sword and fire ;

Shed blood like water, wasted every land,
Like the destroying angel's burning brand ;
Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be invented,
Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he
 REPENTED !

Perchance it is part of his punishment still,
That his offspring pursues his example of ill.
But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall next
 shake thee,
Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and awake
 thee ;
If thou yield'st to thy fury, how tempted soever,
The gate of repentance shall ope for thee
 NEVER ! ”—

XI.

“ He is gone,” said Lord Harold, and gazed as he
 spoke ;
“ There is nought on the path but the shade of the
 oak.
He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling
 oppress'd
Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's
 breast.
My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread,
And cold dews drop from my brow and my head.—
Ho ! Gunnar, the flasket yon almoner gave ;
He said that three drops would recall from the
 grave.
For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft
 has power,

Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a flower !”
The page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill’d
With the juice of wild roots that his art had dis-
till’d—

So baneful their influence on all that had breath,
One drop had been frenzy, and two had been death.
Harold took it, but drank not ; for jubilee shrill,
And music and clamour were heard on the hill,
And down the steep pathway, o’er stock and o’er
stone,

The train of a bridal came blithesomely on ;
There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel,
and still

The burden was, “Joy to the fair Metelill !”

XII.

Harold might see from his high stance,
Himself unseen, that train advance

With mirth and melody ;—

On horse and foot a mingled throng,
Measuring their steps to bridal song

And bridal minstrelsy ;

And ever when the blithesome rout
Lent to the song their choral shout,
Redoubling echoes roll’d about,

While echoing cave and cliff sent out

The answering symphony

Of all those mimic notes which dwell
In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the band,
By many a various passion fann'd ;—
As elemental sparks can feed
On essence pure and coarsest weed,
Gentle, or stormy, or refined,
Joy takes the colours of the mind.
Lightsome and pure, but unrepres'd,
He fired the bridegroom's gallant breast ;
More feebly strove with maiden fear,
Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear
On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows
Like dewdrop on the budding rose ;
While Wulfstane's gloomy smile declared
The glee that selfish avarice shared,
And pleased revenge and malice high
Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye.
On dangerous adventure sped,
The witch deem'd Harold with the dead,
For thus that morn her Demon said :—
“ If, ere the set of sun, be tied
The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his bride,
The Dane shall have no power of ill
O'er William and o'er Metelill.”
And the pleased witch made answer, “ Then
Must Harold have pass'd from the paths of
men !
Evil repose may his spirit have,—
May hemlock and mandrake find root in his
grave,—

May his death-sleep be dogged by dreams of
dismay,
And his waking be worse at the answering day."

XIV.

Such was their various mood of glee
Blent in one shout of ecstasy.
But still when Joy is brimming highest,
Of Sorrow and Misfortune nighest,
Of Terror with her ague cheek,
And lurking Danger, sages speak :—
These haunt each path, but chief they lay
Their snares beside the primrose way.—
Thus found that bridal band their path
Beset by Harold in his wrath.
Trembling beneath his maddening mood,
High on a rock the giant stood ;
His shout was like the doom of death
Spoke o'er their heads that pass'd beneath.
His destined victims might not spy
The reddening terrors of his eye,—
The frown of rage that writhed his face,—
The lip that foam'd like boar's in chase ;—
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threaten'd fall—
The fragment which their giant foe
Rent from the cliff and heaved to throw.

XV.

Backward they bore ;—yet are there two
For battle who prepare :

No pause of dread Lord William knew
Ere his good blade was bare ;
And Wulfstane bent his fatal yew,
But ere the silken cord he drew,
As hurl'd from Hecla's thunder, flew
That ruin through the air !
Full on the outlaw's front it came,
And all that late had human name,
And human face, and human frame,
That lived, and moved, and had free will
To choose the path of good or ill,
Is to its reckoning gone ;
And nought of Wulfstane rests behind,
Save that beneath that stone,
Half-buried in the dinted clay,
A red and shapeless mass there lay
Of mingled flesh and bone !

XVI.

As from the bosom of the sky
The eagle darts amain,
Three bounds from yonder summit high
Placed Harold on the plain.
As the scared wild-fowl scream and fly,
So fled the bridal train ;
As 'gainst the eagle's peerless might
The noble falcon dares the fight,
But dares the fight in vain,
So fought the bridegroom ; from his hand
The Dane's rude mace has struck his brand,

Its glittering fragments strew the sand,
 Its lord lies on the plain.
Now, Heaven ! take noble William's part,
And melt that yet unmelted heart,
Or, ere his bridal hour depart,
 The hapless bridegroom's slain !

XVII.

Count Harold's frenzied rage is high,
There is a death-fire in his eye,
Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
His teeth are set, his hand is clench'd,
The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite !
But, as the mace aloft he swung,
To stop the blow young Gunnar sprung,
Around his master's knees he clung,
 And cried, " In mercy spare !
O, think upon the words of fear
Spoke by that visionary Seer,
The crisis he foretold is here,—
 Grant mercy,—or despair !"
This word suspended Harold's mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsman's rude
 That pauses for the sign.
" O mark thee with the blessed rood,"
The Page implored ; " Speak word of good,
Resist the fiend, or be subdued !"
 He sign'd the cross divine—

Instant his eye hath human light,
Less red, less keen, less fiercely bright ;
His brow relax'd the obdurate frown,
The fatal mace sinks gently down,
 He turns and strides away ;
Yet oft, like revellers who leave
Unfinished feast, looks back to grieve,
As if repenting the reprieve
 He granted to his prey.
Yet still of forbearance one sign hath he given,
And fierce Witikind's son made one step towards
 heaven.

XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind and shakes his dart ;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelill seems dying !—
Bring odours—essences in haste—
And lo ! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere pouring it for those she loves—
Then Walwayn's potion was not wasted,
For when three drops the hag had tasted,
 So dismal was her yell,
Each bird of evil omen woke,
The raven gave his fatal croak,
And shriek'd the night-crow from the oak,
The screech-owl from the thicket broke,
 And flutter'd down the dell !

So fearful was the sound and stern,
The slumbers of the full-gorged erne
Were startled, and from furze and fern
Of forest and of fell,
The fox and famish'd wolf replied,
(For wolves then prowld the Cheviot side,)
From mountain head to mountain head
The unhallow'd sounds around were sped ;¹
But when their latest echo fled,
The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes,
With which the bridal morn arose
Of William and of Metelill ;
But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread,
The summer-morn peeps dim and red
Above the eastern hill,
Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
The King of Splendour walks abroad ;
So, when this cloud had pass'd away,
Bright was the noontide of their day,
And all serene its setting ray.

¹ [See a note on the Lord of the Isles, in vol. v. *ante*
p. 212.]

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HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

WELL do I hope that this my minstrel tale
Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,
Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail,
To view the Castle of these Seven Proud
Shields.

Small confirmation its condition yields
To Meneville's high lay,—No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Fancy builds,
And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with
green,
Is nought remains to tell of what may there have
been.

.

And yet grave authors, with the no small waste
Of their grave time, have dignified the spot
By theories, to prove the fortress placed
By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot.

Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote,
But rather choose the theory less civil
Of boors, who, origin of things forgot,
Refer still to the origin of evil,
And for their master-mason choose that master-
fiend the Devil.

II.

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers
That stout Count Harold bent his wondering
gaze,
When evening dew was on the heather flowers,
And the last sunbeams made the mountain blaze.
And tinged the battlements of other days
With the bright level light ere sinking down.—
Illumined thus, the dauntless Dane surveys
The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal
frown,
And on their blazons traced high marks of old
renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat,
And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag;
Strath-Clwyd's strange emblem was a stranded
boat,

Donald of Galloway's a trotting nag;
A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's brag;
A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail worn;
Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag
Surmounted by a cross—such signs were borne

Upon these antique shields, all wasted now and worn.

III.

These scann'd, Count Harold sought the castle-door,
Whose ponderous bolts were rusted to decay;
Yet till that hour adventurous knight forbore
The unobstructed passage to essay.
More strong than armed warders in array,
And obstacle more sure than bolt or bar,
Sate in the portal Terror and Dismay,
While Superstition, who forbade to war
With foes of other mould than mortal clay,
Cast spells across the gate, and barr'd the onward way.

Vain now those spells; for soon with heavy
clank
The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd,
And, as it oped, through that emblazon'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a groan, and then was
hush'd.
Is none who on such spot such sounds could
hear
But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd;
Yet to bold Harold's breast that throb was
dear—
It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

IV.

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced,
Within the castle, that of danger show'd ;
For still the halls and courts were wild and
waste,
As through their precincts the adventurers
trode.
The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and
broad
Each tower presenting to their scrutiny
A hall in which a king might make abode,
And fast beside, garnish'd both proud and high,
Was placed a bower for rest in which a king
might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall ;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.
Flagons, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begilt, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments
sear—
Frail as the spider's mesh did that rich woof ap-
pear.

V.

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed,
And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung

The wasted relics of a monarch dead ;
Barbaric ornaments around were spread,
Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious
stone,
And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head ;
While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them
thrown,
The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust be-
strown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight,
On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and
light,
Was changed ere morning to the murderer's
tread.
For human bliss and woe in the frail thread
Of human life are all so closely twined,
That till the shears of Fate the texture shred,
The close succession cannot be disjoin'd,
Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which
comes behind.

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been
done,
In that seventh chamber, was a sterner sight ;
There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton,
Still in the posture as to death when dight.
For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright ;

And that, as one who struggled long in dying ;
One bony hand held knife, as if to smite ;
One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying ;
One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.¹

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to
see,—
For his chafed thought return'd to Metelill ;—
And “ Well,” he said, “ hath woman’s perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged.—The origin of ill
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine
saith ;
Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
Can show example where a woman’s breath
Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted, kept
her faith.”

VII.

The minstrel-boy half smiled, half sigh’d,
And his half-filling eyes he dried,
And said, “ The theme I should but wrong,

¹ [“ In an invention like this we are hardly to look for probabilities, but all these preparations and ornaments are not quite consistent with the state of society two hundred years before the Danish Invasion, as far as we know any thing of it. In these matters, however, the author is never very scrupulous, and has too little regarded propriety in the minor circumstances ; thus Harold is clad in a kind of armour not worn until some hundred years after the era of the poem, and many of the scenes described, like that last quoted,

Unless it were my dying song,
(Our Scalds have said, in dying hour
The Northern harp has treble power,)
Else could I tell of woman's faith,
Defying danger, scorn, and death.
Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone
Pure and unflaw'd,—her love unknown,
And unrequited ;—firm and pure,
Her stainless faith could all endure ;
From clime to clime,—from place to place,—
Through want, and danger, and disgrace,
A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.—
All this she did, and guerdon none
Required, save that her burial-stone
Should make at length the secret known,
'Thus hath a faithful woman done.'—
Not in each breast such truth is laid,
But Eivir was a Danish maid."—

VIII.

"Thou art a wild enthusiast," said
Count Harold, "for thy Danish maid ;
And yet, young Gunnar, I will own
Hers were a faith to rest upon.
But Eivir sleeps beneath her stone,
And all resembling her are gone.

(stanzas iv. v. vi.) belong even to a still later period. At least *this* defect is not an imitation of Mr Scott, who, being a skillful antiquary, is extremely careful as to niceties of this sort."—*Critical Review*.]

What maid e'er show'd such constancy
In plighted faith, like thine to me?
But couch thee, boy ; the darksome shade
Falls thickly round, nor be dismay'd

Because the dead are by.

They were as we ; our little day
O'erspent, and we shall be as they.
Yet near me, Gunnar, be thou laid,
Thy couch upon my mantle made,
That thou mayst think, should fear invade,
Thy master slumbers nigh."

Thus couch'd they in that dread abode,
Until the beams of dawning glow'd.

IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,
When he beheld that dawn uncloset—

There's trouble in his eyes,
And traces on his brow and cheek
Of mingled awe and wonder speak :

" My page," he said, " arise ;—
Leave we this place, my page."—No more
He utter'd till the castle door
They cross'd—but there he paused and said,
" My wildness hath awaked the dead—

Disturb'd the sacred tomb !
Methought this night I stood on high,
Where Hecla roars in middle sky,
And in her cavern'd gulfs could spy
The central place of doom ;

And there before my mortal eye
Souls of the dead came flitting by,
Whom fiends, with many a fiendish cry,
 Bore to that evil den !
My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain
Was wilder'd as the elvish train,
With shriek and howl, dragg'd on amain
 Those who had late been men.

X.

“ With haggard eyes and streaming hair,
Jutta the Sorceress was there,
And there pass'd Wulfstane, lately slain,
All crush'd and foul with bloody stain.—
More had I seen, but that uprose
A whirlwind wild, and swept the snows ;
And with such sound as when at need
A champion spurs his horse to speed,
Three armed knights rush on, who lead
Caparison'd a sable steed.
Sable their harness, and there came
Through their closed visors sparks of flame.
The first proclaim'd, in sounds of fear,
‘ Harold the Dauntless, welcome here ! ’
The next cried, ‘ Jubilee ! we've won
Count Witikind the Waster's son ! ’
And the third rider sternly spoke,
‘ Mount, in the name of Zernebock !—
From us, O Harold, were thy powers,—
Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are ours ;

Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,
With hell can strive.' The fiend spoke true!
My inmost soul the summons knew,
 As captives know the knell
That says the headsman's sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
 Commands them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
 When to my rescue sped
That Palmer's visionary form,
And—like the passing of a storm—
 The demons yell'd and fled!

XI.

"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd
The features it before conceal'd;
 And, Gunnar, I could find
In him whose counsels strove to stay
So oft my course on wilful way,
 My father Witikind!
Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for mine,
A wanderer upon earth to pine
Until his son shall turn to grace,
And smooth for him a resting-place.—
Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain
This world of wretchedness and pain:
I'll tame my wilful heart to live
In peace—to and forgive—

And thou, for so the Vision said,
Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.
Thy mother was a prophetess,
He said, who by her skill could guess
How close the fatal textures join
Which knit thy thread of life with mine ;
Then, dark, he hinted of disguise
She framed to cheat too curious eyes,
That not a moment might divide
Thy fated footsteps from my side.
Methought while thus my sire did teach,
I caught the meaning of his speech,
Yet seems its purport doubtful now."
His hand then sought his thoughtful brow.
Then first he mark'd, that in the tower
His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale,
Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale ;
But when he learn'd the dubious close,
He blush'd like any opening rose,
And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek,
Hied back that glove of mail to seek ;
When soon a shriek of deadly dread
Summon'd his master to his aid.

XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that bower,
So late his resting-place —

The semblance of the Evil Power,
Adored by all his race !
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear ;
For plummy crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its haggard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown :
So flow'd his hoary beard ;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine ;—
But when his voice he rear'd,
Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,
The powerful accents roll'd along,
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.

“ Harold,” he said, “ what rage is thine,
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God ?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face
Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,

Eric and fiery Thorarine ?—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,
Victory and vengeance—only I
Can give the joys for which they die,
The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
The brimming draught from foeman's skull.
Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
The faithful pledge of vassal's love.”—

XV.

“ Tempter,” said Harold, firm of heart,
“ I charge thee, hence ! whate’er thou art,
I do defy thee—and resist
The kindling frenzy of my breast,
Waked by thy words ; and of my mail,
Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
And God, or Demon, part in peace.”—
“ Eivir,” the Shape replied, “ is mine,
Mark’d in the birth-hour with my sign.
Think’st thou that priest with drops of spray
Could wash that blood-red mark away ?
Or that a borrow’d sex and name
Can abrogate a godhead’s claim ?”
Thrill’d this strange speech through Harold’s
brain,
He clench’d his teeth in high disdain,
For not his new-born faith subdued
Some tokens of his ancient mood.—

“Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assail thee, fiend !”—Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.

XVI.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground ;
But not the artillery of hell,
The bickering lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
Could Harold's courage quell.
Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless heap'd,
Till quail'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Eivir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life !

XVII.

He placed her on a bank of moss,
A silver runnel bubbled by,
And new-born thoughts his soul engross,
And tremors yet unknown across
His stubborn sinews fly,

The while with timid hand the dew
Upon her brow and neck he threw,
And mark'd how life with rosy hue
On her pale cheek revived anew,
 And glimmer'd in her eye.
Inly he said, "That silken tress,—
What blindness mine that could not guess!
Or how could page's rugged dress
 That bosom's pride belie?
O, dull of heart, through wild and wave,
In search of blood and death to rave,
 With such a partner nigh!"¹

XVIII.

Then in the mirror'd pool he peer'd,
Blamed his rough locks and shaggy beard,
The stains of recent conflict clear'd,—
 And thus the Champion proved,
That he fears now who never fear'd,
 And loves who never loved.
And Eivir—life is on her cheek,
And yet she will not move or speak,
 Nor will her eyelid fully ope;
Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,
Through its long fringe, reserved and shy,

¹ [Mr. Adolphus, in his Letters on the Author of Waverley, p. 230, remarks on the coincidence between "the catastrophe of 'The Black Dwarf,' the recognition of Mortham's lost son in the Irish orphan of 'Rokeby,' and the conversion of Harold's page into a female,"—all which he calls "specimens of unsuccessful contrivance, at a great expense of probability."]

Affection's opening dawn to spy ;
And the deep blush, which bids its dye
O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,
Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek
For terms his new-born love to speak,—
For words, save those of wrath and wrong,
Till now were strangers to his tongue ;
So, when he raised the blushing maid,
In blunt and honest terms he said,
(’Twere well that maids, when lovers woo,
Heard none more soft, were all as true,)
“Eivir! since thou for many a day
Hast follow’d Harold’s wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert’s tide,
And we will grace his altar’s side
A Christian knight and Christian bride ;
And of Witikind’s son shall the marvel be said,
That on the same morn he was christen’d and wed.”

CONCLUSION.

AND now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow?
No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead,
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—'tis ended—and I will not borrow,
To try thy patience more, one anecdote
From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Snorro.
Then pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath wrote
A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd to add a note.¹

¹ [“ ‘Harold the Dauntless,’ like ‘The Bridal of Triermain,’ is a tolerably successful imitation of some parts of the style of Mr. Walter Scott; but, like all imitations, it is clearly distinguishable from the prototype; it wants the life and seasoning of originality. To illustrate this familiarly from the stage: We have all witnessed a hundred imitations of popular actors—of Kemble, for instance, in which the voice, the gesture, and somewhat even of the look, were copied. In externals the resemblance might be sufficiently correct; but where was the informing soul, the mind that dictated the

action and expression? Who could endure the tedium of seeing the imitator go through a whole character? In 'Harold the Dauntless,' the imitation of Mr. Scott is pretty obvious, but we are weary of it before we arrive near the end. The author has talent, and considerable facility in versification, and on this account it is somewhat lamentable, not only that he should not have selected a better model, but that he should copy the parts of that model which are least worthy of study. Perhaps it was not easy to equal the energy of Mr. Scott's line, or his picturesque descriptions. His peculiarities and defects were more attainable, and with these the writer of this novel in verse has generally contented himself; he will also content a certain number of readers, who merely look for a few amusing or surprising incidents. In these, however, 'Harold the Dauntless' does not abound so much as 'The Bridal of Triermain.' They are indeed romantic enough to satisfy all the parlour-boarders of ladies' schools in England; but they want that appearance of probability which should give them interest." *Critical Review*, April, 1817.

"We had formerly occasion to notice, with considerable praise, *The Bridal of Triermain*. We remarked it as a pretty close imitation of Mr. Scott's poetry; and as that great master seems for the present to have left his lyre unstrung, a substitute, even of inferior value, may be welcomed by the public. It appears to us, however, and still does, that the merit of the present author consists rather in the soft and wildly tender passages, than in those rougher scenes of feud and fray, through which the poet of early times conducts his reader. His war-horse follows with somewhat of a hobbling pace, the proud and impetuous courser whom he seeks to rival. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, the last style of poetical excellence is rather more aimed at here than in the former poem; and as we do not discover any improvement in the mode of treating it, *Harold the Dauntless* scarcely appears to us to equal the *Bridal of Triermain*. It contains,

indeed, passages of similar merit, but not quite so numerous; and such, we suspect, will ever be the case while the author continues to follow after this line of poetry."—*Scots Mag.*, Feb. 1817.

"This is an elegant, sprightly, and delightful little poem, written apparently by a person of taste and genius, but who either possesses not the art of forming and combining a plot, or regards it only as a secondary and subordinate object. In this we do not widely differ from him, but are sensible, meantime, that many others will; and that the rambling and uncertain nature of the story will be the principal objection urged against the poem before us, as well as the greatest bar to its extensive popularity. The character of Mr. Scott's romances has effected a material change in our mode of estimating poetical compositions. In all the estimable works of our former poets, from Spenser down to Thomson and Cowper, the plot seems to have been regarded as good or bad, only in proportion to the advantages which it furnished for poetical description; but, of late years, one half, at least, of the merit of a poem is supposed to rest on the interest and management of the tale.

"We speak not exclusively of that numerous class of readers who peruse and estimate a new poem, or any poem, with the same feelings, and precisely on the same principles, as they do a novel. It is natural for such persons to judge only by the effect produced by the incidents; but we have often been surprised that some of our literary critics, even those to whose judgment we were most disposed to bow, should lay so much stress on the probability and fitness of every incident which the fancy of the poet may lead him to embellish in the course of a narrative poem, a great proportion of which must necessarily be descriptive. The author of *Harold the Dauntless* seems to have judged differently from these critics; and in the lightsome rapid strain of poetry which he has chosen, we feel no disposition to quarrel with him on account of the easy and careless manner in which he has arranged his story. In many instances he undoubtedly

shows the hand of a master, and has truly studied and seized the essential character of the antique—his attitudes and draperies are unconfined, and varied with demitints, possessing much of the lustre, freshness, and spirit of Rembrandt. The airs of his heads have grace, and his distances something of the lightness and keeping of Salvator Rosa. The want of harmony and union in the carnations of his females is a slight objection, and there is likewise a meagre *sheetiness* in his contrasts of *chiaroscuro*; but these are all redeemed by the felicity, execution, and master traits, distinguishable in his grouping, as in a Murillo or Carravaggio.

“But the work has another quality, and though its leading one, we do not know whether to censure or approve it. It is an avowed imitation, and therefore loses part of its value, if viewed as an original production. On the other hand, regarded solely as an imitation, it is one of the closest and most successful, without being either a caricature or a parody, that perhaps ever appeared in any language. Not only is the general manner of Scott ably maintained throughout, but the very structure of the language, the associations, and the train of thinking, appear to be precisely the same. It was once alleged by some writers, that it was impossible to imitate Mr. Scott's style, but it is now fully proved to the world, that there is no style more accessible to imitation; for it will be remarked, (laying parodies aside, which any one may execute,) that Mr. Davidson and Miss Halford, as well as Lord Byron and Wordsworth, each in one instance, have all, without, we believe, intending it, imitated him with considerable closeness. The author of the Poetic Mirror has given us one specimen of his most polished and tender style, and another, still more close, of his rapid and careless manner; but *all of them fall greatly short of The Bridal of Triermain, and the poem now before us*. We are sure the author will laugh heartily in his sleeve at our silliness and want of perception, when we confess to him, that we never could open either of these works, and peruse his pages for two minutes with attention, and at the same time divest our minds of the idea, that we were engaged in an early or experimental work of that great master. That they are generally inferior to the works

of Mr. Scott, in vigour and interest, admits not of dispute; still they have many of his wild and softer beauties; and if they fail to be read and admired, we shall not on that account think the better of the taste of the age."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1817.]

END OF HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A POEM.

“ Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons, in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.”

AKENSIDE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem, that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the Author's labours were liable to frequent interruption ; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

Abbotsford, 1815.

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON
PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,
ſc. ſc. ſc.
THE FOLLOWING VERSES
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
From proud St. Michael's tower;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,¹
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,

¹ ["The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakspeare's 'As you Like it.' It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments."—**BYRON.**]

Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain ;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
Nor sun nor air, nor rain.
No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has cross'd ;
And the straight causeway which we tread,
Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
Unvarying through the unvaried shade
Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds ;¹
In groups the scattering wood recedes,

¹ [“ Southward from Brussels lies the field of blood,
Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man ;
A horseman who in haste pursued his road
Would reach it as the second hour began.
The way is through a forest deep and wide,
Extending many a mile on either side.

“ No cheerful woodland this of antic trees,
With thickets varied and with sunny glade ;
Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
With interchange of lines of long green light.

Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
 And corn-fields, glance between ;
 The peasant, at his labour blithe,
 Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe :—¹
 But when these ears were green,
 Placed close within destruction's scope,
 Full little was that rustic's hope
 Their ripening to have seen !
 And, lo, a hamlet and its fane :—
 Let not the gazer with disdain
 Their architecture view ;
 For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
 And disproportioned spire, are thine,²
 Immortal WATERLOO !³

“ Here, where the woods receding from the road
 Have left on either hand an open space
 For fields and gardens, and for man's abode,
 Stands Waterloo; a little lowly place
 Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
 And given the victory its English name.”

SOUTHEY'S *Pilgrimage to Waterloo*.]

¹ The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

² [MS.—“ Let not the stranger with disdain
 Its misproportions view ;

Yon { rudely form'd } ungraceful shrine
 { awkward and }

And yonder humble spire, are thine.”]

³ [“ What time the second Carlos ruled in Spain,
 Last of the Austrian line by fate decreed,

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
 The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
 And scarce a forest straggler now
 To shade us spreads a greenwood bough ;
 These fields have seen a hotter day
 Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.¹
 Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
 Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
 Looks on the field below,
 And sinks so gently on the dale,
 That not the folds of Beauty's veil
 In easier curves can flow.
 Brief space from thence, the ground again
 Ascending slowly from the plain,
 Forms an opposing screen,
 Which, with its crest of upland ground,
 Shuts the horizon all around.
 The soften'd vale between
 Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread ;
 Not the most timid maid need dread

Here Castanaza rear'd a votive fane,
 Praying the patron saints to bless with seed
 His childless sovereign. Heaven denied an heir,
 And Europe mourn'd in blood the frustrate prayer."

SOUTHEY.

To the original chapel of the Marquis of Castanaza has now been added a building of considerable extent, the whole interior of which is filled with monumental inscriptions for the heroes who fell in the battle.]

¹ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

To give her snow-white palfrey head
 On that wide stubble-ground ;¹
 Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there,
 Her course to intercept or scare,
 Nor fosse nor fence are found,
 Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
 Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.²

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
 Can tell of that which late hath been ?—
 A stranger might reply,
 "The bare extent of stubble-plain
 Seems lately lighten'd of its grain ;
 And yonder sable tracks remain
 Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
 When harvest-home was nigh."³

¹ ["As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a consecrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned." BYRON.]

² [MS.—"Save where, { its
 the } fire-scathed bowers among,

Rise the rent towers of Hougomont."]

³ ["Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None: But the moral's truth tells simpler so,

On these broad spots of trampled ground,
 Perchance the rustics danced such round
 As Teniers loved to draw ;
 And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,
 To dress the homely feast they came,
 And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
 Around her fire of straw."

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
 Of that which is from that which seems :—
 But other harvest here,
 Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
 Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
 With bayonet, blade, and spear.

As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ? "

 BYRON.

" Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
 Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
 Where armies had with recent fury fought,
 To mark how gentle Nature still pursued
 Her quiet course, as if she took no care
 For what her noblest work had suffer'd there ?

The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall ;
 Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread,
 The trees, though pierced and scared with many a ball,
 Had only in their natural season shed ;
 Flowers were in seed, whose buds to swell began
 When such wild havoc here was made by man."

SOUTHEY.]

No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap !
Heroes before each fatal sweep
 Fell thick as ripen'd grain ;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
 The corpses of the slain.¹

VI.

Ay, look again—that line so black
And trampled marks the bivouack,
Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
 So often lost and won ;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
 Dash'd the hot war-horse on.

¹ [“ Earth had received into her silent womb
Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general tomb.
Equal had been their lot; one fatal day
For all, . . one labour, . . and one place of rest
They found within their common parent's breast.

The passing seasons had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoofs impress'd by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced.
Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course;
Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the grave.”

SOUTHEY.]

These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
 From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenish'd there
 Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
Than claims the boor from scythe released,
 On these scorch'd fields were known!
Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
Sent for the bloody banquet out
 A summons of his own.
Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
Could well each destined guest espy,
Well could his ear in ecstasy
 Distinguish every tone
That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
From the wild clang that mark'd their way,—
 Down to the dying groan,
And the last sob of life's decay,
 When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
Feast on !—but think not that a strife,
With such promiscuous carnage rife,
 Protracted space may last ;
The deadly tug of war at length
Must limits find in human strength,
 And cease when these are past.
Vain hope !—that morn's o'erclouded sun
Heard the wild shout of fight begun
 Ere he attain'd his height,
And through the war-smoke, volumed high,
Still peals that unremitted cry,
 Though now he stoops to night.
For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
Fresh succours from the extended head
Of either hill the contest fed ;
 Still down the slope they drew,
The charge of columns paused not,
Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot ;
 For all that war could do
Of skill and force was proved that day,
And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
 On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels ! then what thoughts were thine,¹

¹ It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

When ceaseless from the distant line
Continued thunders came ;
Each burgher held his breath to hear
These forerunners¹ of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame.
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When rolling² through thy stately street,
The wounded show'd their mangled plight³
In token of the unfinish'd fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain !⁴

¹ [MS.—“ Harbingers.”]

² [MS.—“ Streaming.”]

³ [MS.—“ Bloody plight.”]

⁴ [“ Within those walls there linger'd at that hour,
Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,
Whom aid of human art should ne'er restore
To see his country and his friends again ;
And many a victim of that fell debate,
Whose life yet waver'd in the scales of fate.

“ Others in wagons borne abroad I saw,
Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight ;
Languid and helpless, some were stretch'd on straw,
Some more advanced, sustain'd themselves upright,
And with bold eye and careless front, methought,
Seem'd to set wounds and death again at nought.

“ What had it been, then, in the recent days
Of that great triumph, when the open wound
Was festering, and along the crowded ways,
Hour after hour was heard the incessant sound
Of wheels, which o'er the rough and stony road
Convey'd their living, agonizing load !

How often in the distant drum
Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,
While Ruin, shouting to his band,
Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
Points to his prey in vain,
While maddening in his eager mood,
And all unwont to be withstood,
He fires the fight again.

X.

“On! On!” was still his stern exclaim;
“Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
Rush on the levell'd gun!
My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
Each Hulan forward with his lance,
My Guard—my Chosen—charge for France,
France and Napoleon!”¹

“Hearts little to the melting mood inclined,
Grew sick to see their sufferings; and the thought
Still comes with horror to the shuddering mind,
Of those sad days, when Belgian ears were taught
The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
Breath'd when his pain is more than he can bear.”

SOUTHEY.]

¹ The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eyewitness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action:—

Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
 Greeting the mandate which sent out
 Their bravest and their best to dare
 The fate their leader shunn'd to share.¹

"It was near seven o'clock; Bonaparte, who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied—' *En-avant! En-avant!* '

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who brought the message."—*Relatione de la Bataille de-Mont-St-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 51.

¹ It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards, at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down indeed to a hollow part of the high road, leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and

But HE, his country's sword and shield,
 Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
 Where danger fiercest swept the field,
 Came like a beam of light,
 In action prompt, in sentence brief—
 "Soldiers, stand firm," exclaim'd the Chief,
 "England shall tell the fight!"¹

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
 But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—

led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country.² It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

¹ In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

² The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Bonaparte: and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.

On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.¹
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square ;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,

¹ [MS.—“ Nor was one forward footstep stopp'd,
Though close beside a comrade dropp'd.”]

Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—

Then waked their fire at once !

Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent ;

And, to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,¹
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;²
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,³

¹ A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to “*a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.*”

² [“ I heard the broadswords' deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang ! ”

Lady of the Lake.]

³ [MS.—“ Beneath that storm, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier ;

And while amid their scatter'd band
 Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
 Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
 Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
 Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
 Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
 This crisis caught of destiny—
 The British host had stood
 That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance¹

The lancer { came with levell'd } spear,
 { couch'd his fatal }

Sworn { each } to do or die;
 { all }

But not an instant would they bear

The { thunders } of each serried square,
 { vollies }

They halt, they turn, they fly!

Not even their chosen brook to feel

The British shock of levell'd steel;

Enough that through their close array

The well-plied cannon tore their way;

Enough that mid their broken band

The horsemen plied the bloody brand,

Recoil'd," &c.]

¹ ["The cuirassiers continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping every thing before the impetuosity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British squares stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards, when men rolled one way, horses galloped another, and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back."—*Life of Bonaparte*, vol. viii. p. 487.]

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said, "Advance!"

They were their ocean's flood.—

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel,¹

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,

¹ No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The Guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and intrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eyewitness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which run along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticizing this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

And other standards fly?—
 Think not that in yon columns, file
 Thy conquering troops from Distant Dyle—
 Is Blucher yet unknown?
 Or dwells not in thy memory still,
 (Heard frequent in thine hour of ill,)
 What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
 In Prussia's trumpet tone?¹
 What yet remains?—shall it be thine
 To head the relics of thy line
 In one dread effort more?
 The Roman lore thy leisure loved,²

¹ [MS.—“ Or can thy memory fail to quote,
 Heard to thy cost, the vengeful note
 Of Prussia's trumpet tone.”]

² [“ We observe a certain degree of similitude in some passages of Mr. Scott's present work, to the compositions of Lord Byron, and particularly his Lordship's Ode to Bonaparte; and we think that whoever peruses ‘ The Field of Waterloo,’ with that Ode in his recollection, will be struck with this new resemblance. We allude principally to such passages as that which begins,

‘ The Roman lore thy leisure loved,’ &c.
 and to such lines as,

‘ Now, see'st thou aught in this loved scene,
 Can tell of that which late hath been ? ’

‘ So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
 Of that which is, from that which seems ; ’

lines, by the way, of which we cannot express any very great admiration. This sort of influence, however, over even the principal writers of the day, (whether they are conscious of the influence or not,) is one of the surest tests of genius, and one of the proudest tributes which it receives.”—*Monthly Review*.]

And thou canst tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid
For empire enterprised—
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd—but not despised.¹

¹ ["When the engagement was ended, it evidently appeared with what undaunted spirit and resolution Catiline's army had been fired; for the body of every one was found on that very spot which, during the battle, he had occupied; those only excepted who were forced from their posts by the Prætorian cohort; and even they, though they fell a little out of their ranks, were all wounded before. Catiline himself was found, far from his own men, amidst the dead bodies of the enemy, breathing a little, with an air of that fierceness still in his face which he had when alive. Finally, in all his army, there was not so much as one free citizen taken prisoner, either in the engagement or in flight; for they spared their own lives as little as those of the enemy. The army of the republic obtained the victory, indeed, but it was neither a cheap nor a joyful one, for their bravest men were either slain in battle or dangerously wounded. As there were many, too, who went to view the field, either out of curiosity or a desire of plunder, in turning over the dead bodies, some found a friend, some a relation, and some a guest; others there were likewise who discovered their enemies; so that, through the whole army, there appeared a mixture of gladness and sorrow, joy and mourning."—SALLUST.]

•

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
On safety—howsoever bought,
Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
Though twice ten thousand men have died
 On this eventful day,
To gild the military fame
Which thou, for life, in traffic tame
 Wilt barter thus away.
Shall future ages tell this tale
Of inconsistency faint and frail?
And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!
 Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power,
 A torrent fierce and wide;
Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
 Whose channel shows display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
 By which these wrecks were made!

XV.

Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
 Who, as thy flight they eyed,
Exclaim'd,—while tears of anguish came,
Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and shame,—

"O, that he had but died!"¹
 But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
 Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,
 Back on yon broken ranks—
 Upon whose wild confusion gleams
 The moon, as on the troubled streams
 When rivers break their banks,
 And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
 Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
 Down the dread current hurl'd—
 So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
 Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
 Of warriors, who, when morn begun,²
 Defied a banded world.

XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout,
 The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
 Tells, that upon their broken rear

¹ [The MS. adds,

"That pang survived, refuse not then
 To humble thee before the men,
 Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
 Who shall thy once-imperial fate
 Make wordy theme of vain debate
 And chaffer for thy crown;
 As usurers wont, who suck the all
 Of the fool-hardy prodigal,
 When on the giddy dice's fall
 His latest hope has flown.
 But yet, to sum," &c.]

² [MS.—"Where in one tide of terror run
 The warriors that, when morn begun."}]

Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.

So fell a shriek was none,

When Beresina's icy flood

Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,¹

And, pressing on thy desperate way,

Raised oft and long their wild hurra,

The children of the Don.

Thine ear no yell of horror cleft

So ominous, when, all bereft

Of aid, the valiant Polack left—²

Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave³

In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.

Fate, in those various perils past,

Reserved thee still some future cast ;

On the dread die thou now hast thrown,

Hangs not a single field alone,

Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,

Thy empire, dynasty, and name,

Have felt the final stroke ;

And now, o'er thy devoted head

The last stern vial's wrath is shed,

The last dread seal is broke.⁴

¹ [MS.—“ So ominous a shriek was none,
Not even when Beresina's flood
Was thaw'd by streams of tepid blood.”]

² [For an account of the death of Poniatowski at Leipsic,
see Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Bonaparte*, vol. vii. p. 588.]

³ [MS.—“ Not such were heard, when, all bereft
Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
Ay, left by thee—found gallant grave.”]

⁴ [“ I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
Even when the tyrant seem'd to touch the skies,

XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
 Before these demagogues to bow,
 Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
 Who shall thy once imperial fate
 Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
 Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
 In seeking refuge from the foe,
 Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
 Thine hand hath ever held the knife?

Such homage hath been paid
 By Roman and by Grecian voice,
 And there were honour in the choice,
 If it were freely made.

Then safely come—in one so low,—
 So lost,—we cannot own a foe;
 Though dear experience bid us end,
 In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
 Come, howso'er—but do not hide
 Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
 Erewhile, by gifted bard espied,¹

That “yet imperial hope;”²

Had look'd to see the high-blown bubble burst,
 And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,
 Even in that faith had look'd not for defeat
 So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.”—SOUTHEY.]

¹ [MS. ——— “but do not hide

Once more that secret germ of pride,
 Which erst yon gifted bard espied.”]

² [“The Desolator desolate!
 The Victor overthrown!

Think not that for a fresh rebound,
 To raise ambition from the ground,
 We yield thee means or scope.
 In safety come—but ne'er again
 Hold type of independent reign ;
 No islet calls thee lord,
 We leave thee no confederate band,
 No symbol of thy lost command,
 To be a dagger in the hand
 From which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

Yet, even in yon sequester'd spot,
 May worthier conquest be thy lot
 Than yet thy life has known ;
 Conquest, unbought by blood or harm,
 That needs nor foreign aid nor arm,
 A triumph all thine own.
 Such waits thee when thou shalt control
 Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,
 That marr'd thy prosperous scene :—
 Hear this from no unmoved heart,

The Arbiter of others' fate
 A Suppliant for his own !
 Is it some yet *imperial hope*,
 That with such change can calmly cope ?
 Or dread of death alone ?
 To die a prince—or live a slave—
 Thy choice is most ignobly brave ! ”

BYRON'S *Ode to Napoleon.*]

Which sighs, comparing what THOU ART
With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE BEEN !¹

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy Prince's smiles, thy state's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well mayst thou think, "This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal ;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory !"

¹ ["'Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with Kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing ;
So abject—yet alive !
Is this the man of thousand thrones,
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive ?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far."

BYRON'S *Ode to Napoleon.*]

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
Ere from the field of fame we part ;¹
Triumph and Sorrow border near,
And joy oft melts into a tear.
Alas ! what links of love that morn
Has War's rude hand asunder torn !
For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
Here piled in common slaughter sleep
Those whom affection long shall weep :
Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again ;
The son, whom, on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more ;
The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast ;
The husband, whom through many a year
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou canst not name one tender tie,
But here dissolved its relics lie !
O ! when thou see'st some mourner's veil
Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears

¹ [“ We left the field of battle in such mood
As human hearts from thence should bear away ;
And musing thus, our purposed route pursued,
Which still through scenes of recent bloodshed lay,
Where Prussia late, with strong and stern delight,
Hung on her fated foes to persecute their flight.”

Stream when the stricken drum she hears ;
Ór see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
Is labouring in a father's breast,—
With no enquiry vain pursue
The cause, but think on Waterloo !

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close !—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims !
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of PONSONBY could die—
DE LANCEY change Love's bridal-wreath,
For laurels from the hand of Death—¹
Saw'st gallant MILLER's ² failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,

¹ [The Poet's friend, Colonel Sir William De Lancey, married the beautiful daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart., in April, 1815, and received his mortal wound on the 18th of June. See Captain B. Hall's affecting narrative in the first series of his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," vol. ii. p. 389.]

² Colonel Miller, of the Guards—son to Sir William Miller, Lord Glenlee. When mortally wounded in the attack on the Bois de Bossu, he desired to see the colours of the regiment once more ere he died. They were waved over his head, and the expiring officer declared himself satisfied.]

And CAMERON,¹ in the shock of steel,
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel ;
 And generous GORDON,² 'mid the strife,
 Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—
 Ah ! though her guardian angel's shield
 Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
 Fate not the less her power made known,
 Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own !

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay !
 Who may your names, your numbers, say ?
 What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
 To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
 From high-born chiefs of martial fame
 To the poor soldier's lowlier name ?
 Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
 From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
 To fill, before the sun was low,
 The bed that morning cannot know.—
 Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
 And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
 Till time shall cease to run ;

¹ [“ Colonel Cameron, of Fassiefern, so often distinguished in Lord Wellington's despatches from Spain, fell in the action at Quatre Bras, (16th June, 1815,) while leading the 92d, or Gordon Highlanders, to charge a body of cavalry, supported by infantry.”—*Paul's Letters*, p. 91.]

² [Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, brother to the Earl of Aberdeen, who has erected a pillar on the spot where he fell by the side of the Duke of Wellington.]

And ne'er beside their noble grave,
May Britain pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
Wears desolation's withering trace;
Long shall my memory retain
Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
With every mark of martial wrong,
That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!¹

¹ ["Beyond these points the fight extended not,
Small theatre for such a tragedy!
Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Popelot
To where the groves of Hougomont on high
Rear in the west their venerable head,
And cover with their shade the countless dead.

"But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground,
And trace with understanding eyes a scene
Above all other fields of war renown'd,
From western Hougomont thy way begin;
There was our strength on that side, and there first,
In all its force, the storm of battle burst.—SOUTHEY.

Mr. Southey adds, in a note on these verses: "So important a battle, perhaps, was never before fought within so small an extent of ground. I computed the distance between Hougomont and Popelot at three miles: in a straight line it might probably not exceed two and a half.

"Our guide was very much displeased at the name which the battle had obtained in England,—'Why call it the battle of Waterloo?' he said,—'Call it Hougomont, call it La Haye Sainte, call it Popelot,—anything but Waterloo.'"—*Pilgrimage to Waterloo*.]

Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn,
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
 And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
 And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

STERN tide of human Time ! that know'st not rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom ;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers
sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port ;—

Stern tide of Time ! through what mysterious
change

Of hope and fear have our frail barks been
driven !

For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange
Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.
And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,
Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,
Such fearful strife as that where we have striven,

Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave
fight
Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill;
In thy just cause and in thy native might,
And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still;
Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill
Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
Or when, with better views and freer will,
Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose,
And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame,
While like the dawn that in the orient glows
On the broad wave its earlier lustre came;¹
Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
Where first the soldier, stung with generous
shame,
Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way,
And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

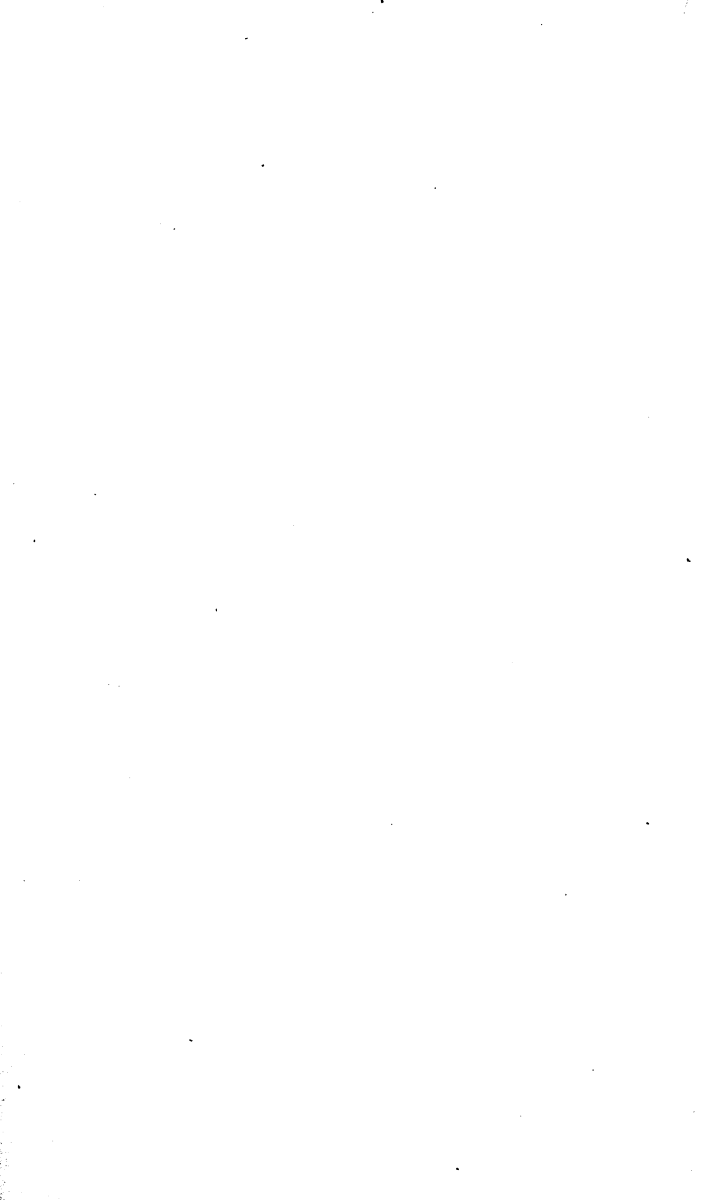
Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry,

¹ [MS.—“ On the broad ocean first its lustre came.”]

For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
And rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
And to the gazing world mayst proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down :
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known ;
—Such may by fame be lured, by gold be
hired—
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

END OF THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

DRAMATIC PIECES.

[The remainder of this volume, with the succeeding one, contains all the dramatic pieces which Sir Walter Scott ever published: namely, "the translation of Goetz von Berlichingen, which appeared in 1799; the House of Aspen, which was written at the same early period, though it was first printed in the Keepsake for 1830; Halidon Hill, written and published in 1822; MacDuff's Cross, 1823; and the Doom of Devorgoil, and the Ayrshire Tragedy, which appeared together in 1830.]

P R E F A C E

TO

H A L I D O N H I L L .

THOUGH the Public seldom feel much interest in such communications, (nor is there any reason why they should,) the Author takes the liberty of stating, that these scenes were commenced with the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much-esteemed friend.¹ But instead of being confined to a scene or two, as intended, the work gradually swelled to the size of an independent publication. It is designed to illustrate military antiquities, and the manners of chivalry. The Drama (if it can be termed one) is, in no particular, either designed or calculated for the stage.²

¹ [The author alludes to a collection of small pieces in verse, edited, for a charitable purpose, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie.]

² [In the first edition, the text added, "In case any attempt shall be made to produce it in action, (as has happened in

The subject is to be found in Scottish history ; but, not to overload so slight a publication with antiquarian research, or quotations from obscure chronicles, may be sufficiently illustrated by the following passage from PINKERTON's *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 72.

“ The Governor (anno 1402) dispatched a considerable force under Murdac, his eldest son ; the

similar cases,) the author takes the present opportunity to intimate, that it shall be at the peril of those who make such an experiment.” Adverting to this passage, the New Edinburgh Review (July, 1822) said,—“ We, nevertheless, do not believe that any thing more essentially dramatic, in so far as it goes, more capable of stage effect, has appeared in England since the days of her greatest genius ; and giving Sir Walter, therefore, full credit for his coyness on the present occasion, we ardently hope that he is but trying his strength in the most arduous of all literary enterprises, and that, ere long, he will demonstrate his right to the highest honours of the tragic muse.” The British Critic, for October 1822, says, on the same head, “ Though we may not accede to the author's declaration, that it is ‘ *in no particular* calculated for the stage,’ we must not lead our readers to look for any thing amounting to a regular drama. It would, we think, form an underplot, of very great interest, in an historical play of customary length ; and although its incidents and personages are mixed up, in these scenes, with an event of real history, there is nothing in either to prevent their being interwoven in the plot of any drama of which the action should lie in the confines of England and Scotland, at any of the very numerous periods of Border warfare. The whole interest, indeed, of the story, is engrossed by two characters, imagined, as it appears to us, with great force and probability, and contrasted with considerable skill and effect.”]

Earls of Angus and Moray also joined Douglas, who entered England with an army of ten thousand men, carrying terror and devastation to the walls of Newcastle.

“ Henry IV. was now engaged in the Welsh war against Owen Glendour; but the Earl of Northumberland, and his son, the Hotspur Percy, with the Earl of March, collected a numerous array, and awaited the return of the Scots, impeded with spoil, near Milfield, in the north part of Northumberland. Douglas had reached Wooler, in his return; and, perceiving the enemy, seized a strong post between the two armies, called Homildon-Hill. In this method he rivalled his predecessor at the battle of Otterburn, but not with like success. The English advanced to the assault, and Henry Percy was about to lead them up the hill, when March caught his bridle, and advised him to advance no further, but to pour the dreadful shower of English arrows into the enemy. This advice was followed with the usual fortune; for in all ages the bow was the English instrument of victory; and though the Scots, and perhaps the French, were superior in the use of the spear, yet this weapon was useless after the distant bow had decided the combat. Robert the Great, sensible of this at the battle of Bannockburn, ordered a prepared detachment of cavalry to rush among the English archers at the commencement, totally to disperse them, and stop the

deadly effusion. But Douglas now used no such precaution; and the consequence was, that his people, drawn up on the face of the hill, presented one general mark to the enemy, none of whose arrows descended in vain. The Scots fell without fight, and unrevenged, till a spirited knight, Swinton, exclaimed aloud, ‘O my brave countrymen! what fascination has seized you to-day, that you stand like deer to be shot, instead of indulging your ancient courage, and meeting your enemies hand to hand? Let those who will, descend with me, that we may gain victory, or life, or fall like men.’¹ This being heard by Adam Gordon, between whom and Swinton there existed an ancient deadly feud, attended with the mutual slaughter of many followers, he instantly fell on his knees before Swinton, begged his pardon, and desired to be dubbed a knight by him whom he must now regard as the wisest and the boldest of that order in Britain. The ceremony performed, Swinton and Gordon descended the

¹ [“Miles magnanimus dominus Johannes Swinton, tanquam voce horrida præconis exclamavit, dicens, O commilitones inclyti! quis vos hodie fascinavit non indulgere solitæ probitati, quod nec dextris conseritis, nec ut viricorda erigitis, ad invadendum æmulos, qui vos, tanquam damulos vel hinnulos imparcatos, sagittarum jaculis perdere festinant. Descendant mecum qui velint, et in nomine Domini hostes penetrabimus, ut vel sic vita potiamur, vel saltem ut milites cum honore occumbamus,” &c.—*FORDUN Scoti-Chronicon*, vol. ii. p. 434.]

hill, accompanied only by one hundred men ; and a desperate valour led the whole body to death. Had a similar spirit been shewn by the Scottish army, it is probable that the event of the day would have been different. Douglas, who was certainly deficient in the most important qualities of a general, seeing his army begin to disperse, at length attempted to descend the hill ; but the English archers, retiring a little, sent a flight of arrows so sharp and strong, that no armour could withstand ; and the Scottish leader himself, whose panoply was of remarkable temper, fell under five wounds, though not mortal. The English men-of-arms, knights, or squires, did not strike one blow, but remained spectators of the rout, which was now complete. Great numbers of the Scots were slain, and near five hundred perished in the River Tweed upon their flight. Among the illustrious captives was Douglas, whose chief wound deprived him of an eye ; Murdac, son of Albany ; the Earls of Moray and Angus ; and about twenty-four gentlemen of eminent rank and power. The chief slain were, Swinton, Gordon, Livingston of Calendar, Ramsay of Dalhousie, Walter Sinclair, Roger Gordon, Walter Scott, and others. Such was the issue of the unfortunate battle of Homildon."

It may be proper to observe, that the scene of action has, in the following pages, been transferred from Homildon to Halidon Hill. For this

there was an obvious reason;—for who would again venture to introduce upon the scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle? There are, however, several coincidences which may reconcile even the severer antiquary to the substitution of Halidon Hill for Homildon. A Scottish army was defeated by the English on both occasions, and under nearly the same circumstances of address on the part of the victors, and mismanagement on that of the vanquished, for the English long-bow decided the day in both cases. In both cases, also, a Gordon was left on the field of battle; and at Halidon, as at Homildon, the Scots were commanded by an ill-fated representative of the great house of Douglas. He of Homildon was surnamed *Tine-man*, i. e. *Lose-man*, from his repeated defeats and miscarriages; and, with all the personal valour of his race, seems to have enjoyed so small a portion of their sagacity, as to be unable to learn military experience from reiterated calamity. I am far, however, from intimating, that the traits of imbecility and envy attributed to the Regent in the following sketch, are to be historically ascribed either to the elder Douglas of Halidon Hill, or to him called *Tine-man*, who seems to have enjoyed the respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding that, like the celebrated Anne de Montmorency, he was either defeated, or wounded, or made prisoner, in every

battle which he fought. The Regent of the sketch is a character purely imaginary.

The tradition of the Swinton family, which still survives in a lineal descent, and to which the author has the honour to be related, avers, that the Swinton who fell at Homildon in the manner narrated in the preceding extract, had slain Gordon's father; which seems sufficient ground for adopting that circumstance into the following Dramatic Sketch, though it is rendered improbable by other authorities.

If any reader will take the trouble of looking at Froissart, Fordun, or other historians of the period, he will find, that the character of the Lord of Swinton, for strength, courage, and conduct, is by no means exaggerated.

W. S.

Abbotsford, 1822.

HALIDON HILL;

A

DRAMATIC SKETCH,

FROM

SCOTTISH HISTORY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCOTTISH.

THE REGENT OF SCOTLAND.

GORDON,
SWINTON,
LENNOX,
SUTHERLAND,
ROSS,
MAXWELL,
JOHNSTONE,
LINDESAY,

} *Scottish Chiefs and Nobles.*

ADAM DE VIPONT, *a Knight Templar.*

THE PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.

REYNALD, *Swinton's Squire.*

HOB HATTELY, *a Border Moss-Trooper.*

Heralds.

ENGLISH.

KING EDWARD III.

CHANDOS,

PERCY,

RIBAUMONT,

THE ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

} *English and Norman Nobles.*

HALIDON HILL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The back scene represents the summit of the ascent, occupied by the rear-guard of the Scottish army. Bodies of armed men appear as advancing from different points, to join the main body.*

Enter DE VIPONT and the PRIOR OF MAISON-DIEU.

Vip. No farther, Father—here I need no guidance—

I have already brought your peaceful step
Too near the verge of battle.

Pri. Fain would I see you join some Baron's
banner,
Before I say farewell. The honour'd sword
That fought so well in Syria, should not wave
Amid the ignoble crowd.

Vip. Each spot is noble in a pitched field,
So that a man has room to fight and fall on't.
But I shall find out friends. 'Tis scarce twelve
years

Since I left Scotland for the wars of Palestine,
And then the flower of all the Scottish nobles

Were known to me ; and I, in my degree,
Not all unknown to them.

Pri. Alas ! there have been changes since that
time ;

The Royal Bruce, with Randolph, Douglas, Gra-
hame,

Then shook in field the banners which now moulder
Over their graves i' the chancel.

Vip. And thence comes it,

That while I look'd on many a well-known crest
And blazon'd shield,¹ as hitherward we came,
The faces of the Barons who displayed them
Were all unknown to me. Brave youths they
seem'd ;

Yet, surely, fitter to adorn the tilt-yard,
Than to be leaders of a war. Their followers,
Young like themselves, seem like themselves un-
practised—

Look at their battle-rank.

Pri. I cannot gaze on't with undazzled eye,
So thick the rays dart back from shield and hel-
met,

And sword and battle-axe, and spear and pennon.
Sure 'tis a gallant show ! The Bruce himself
Hath often conquer'd at the head of fewer
And worse appointed followers.

Vip. Ay, but 'twas Bruce that led them. Rever-
end Father,

¹ [MS.—“ I've look'd on many a well-known pennon
Playing the air,” &c.]

'Tis not the falchion's weight decides a combat ;
It is the strong and skilful hand that wields it.
Ill fate, that we should lack the noble King,
And all his champions now ! Time call'd them
not,

For when I parted hence for Palestine,
The brows of most were free from grizzled hair.

Pri. Too true, alas ! But well you know, in
Scotland,

Few hairs are silver'd underneath the helmet ;
'Tis cowls like mine which hide them. 'Mongst
the laity,

War's the rash reaper, who thrusts in his sickle
Before the grain is white. In threescore years
And ten, which I have seen, I have outlived
Wellnigh two generations of our nobles.
The race which holds¹ yon summit is the third.

Vip. Thou mayst outlive them also.

Pri. Heaven forefend !

My prayer shall be, that Heaven will close my
eyes,

Before they look upon the wrath to come.

Vip. Retire, retire, good Father !—Pray for
Scotland—

Think not on me. Here comes an ancient friend,
Brother in arms, with whom to-day I'll join me.
Back to your choir, assemble all your brother-
hood,

And weary Heaven with prayers for victory.²

¹ [MS.—“ The youths who hold,” &c. “ are.”]

² [MS.—“ with prayers for Scotland's weal.”]

Pri. Heaven's blessing rest with thee,
Champion of Heaven, and of thy suffering country !

[*Exit PRIOR. VIPONT draws a little aside, and lets down the beaver of his helmet.*]

Enter SWINTON, followed by REYNALD and others, to whom he speaks as he enters.

Swin. Halt here, and plant my pennon, till the
Regent
Assign our band its station in the host.

Rey. That must be by the Standard. We have
had
That right since good Saint David's reign at
least.

Fain would I see the Marcher would dispute it.

Swin. Peace, Reynald ! Where the general
plants the soldier,
There is his place of honour, and there only
His valour can win worship. Thou'rt of those,
Who would have war's deep art bear the wild
semblance

Of some disorder'd hunting, where, pell-mell,
Each trusting to the swiftness of his horse,
Gallants press on to see the quarry fall.
Yon steel-clad Southrons, Reynald, are no deer ;
And England's Edward is no stag at bay.

Vip. [*advancing.*] There needed not, to blazon
forth the Swinton,
His ancient burgonet, the sable Boar

Chain'd to the gnarl'd oak,¹—nor his proud step,
Nor giant stature, nor the ponderous mace,
Which only he, of Scotland's realm, can wield:
His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
As doth his frame the champion. Hail, brave
Swinton !

Swin. Brave Templar, thanks ! Such your
cross'd shoulder speaks you ;
But the closed visor, which conceals your features,
Forbids more knowledge. Umfraville, perhaps—

Vip. [*unclosing his helmet.*] No ; one less worthy
of our sacred Order.

Yet, unless Syrian suns have scorch'd my features
Swart as my sable visor, Alan Swinton
Will welcome Symon Vipont.

Swin. [*embracing him.*] As the blithe reaper
Welcomes a practised mate, when the ripe harvest
Lies deep before him, and the sun is high !
Thou'lt follow yon old pennon, wilt thou not ?
'Tis tatter'd since thou saw'st it, and the Boar-
heads

Look as if brought from off some Christmas board,
Where knives had notch'd them deeply.

Vip. Have with them, ne'ertheless. The
Stuart's Chequer,

¹ [“ The armorial bearings of the ancient family of Swinton are *sable*, a cheveron, *or*, between three boars' heads, erased, *argent*, CREST—a boar chained to a tree, and above, on an escroll, *J'espère*. SUPPORTERS—two boars standing on a compartment, whereon are the words, *Je Pense*.”—*Douglas's Baronage*, p. 132.]

The Bloody Heart of Douglas, Ross's Lymphads,
Sutherland's Wild-cats, nor the royal Lion,
Rampant in golden treasure, wins me from them.
We'll back the Boar-heads bravely. I see round
them

A chosen band of lances—some well known to me.
Where's the main body of thy followers?

Swin. Symon de Vipont, thou dost see them all
That Swinton's bugle-horn can call to battle,
However loud it rings. There's not a boy
Left in my halls, whose arm has strength enough
To bear a sword—there's not a man behind,
However old, who moves without a staff.
Striplings and greybeards, every one is here,
And here all should be—Scotland needs them all;
And more and better men, were each a Hercules,
And yonder handful centuplied.

Vip. A thousand followers—such, with friends
and kinsmen,
Allies and vassals, thou wert wont to lead—
A thousand followers shrunk to sixty lances
In twelve years' space!—And thy brave sons,
Sir Alan?

Alas! I fear to ask.

Swin. All slain, De Vipont. In my empty
home

A puny babe lisps to a widow'd mother,
“Where is my grandsire? wherefore do you
weep?”

But for that prattler, Lyulph's house is heirless.

I'm an old oak, from which the foresters
Have hew'd four goodly boughs, and left beside me
Only a sapling, which the fawn may crush
As he springs over it.

Vip. All slain?—alas!

Swin. Ay, all, De Vipont. And their attributes,
John with the Long Spear—Archibald with the
Axe—

Richard the Ready—and my youngest darling,
My Fair-hair'd William—do but now survive
In measures which the grey-hair'd minstrels sing,
When they make maidens weep.

Vip. These wars with England, they have
rooted out
The flowers of Christendom. Knights, who might
win

The sepulchre of Christ from the rude heathen,
Fall in unholy warfare!

Swin. Unholy warfare? ay, well hast thou
named it;

But not with England—would her cloth-yard shafts
Had bored their cuirasses! Their lives had been
Lost like their grandsire's, in the bold defence
Of their dear country¹—but in private feud
With the proud Gordon, fell my Long-spear'd John,
He with the Axe, and he men call'd the Ready,
Ay, and my Fair-hair'd Will—the Gordon's wrath
Devour'd my gallant issue.

¹ [MS.—“Of the dear land that nursed them—but in feud.”]

Vip. Since thou dost weep, their death is un-
avenged?

Swin. Templar, what think'st thou me?—See
yonder rock,

From which the fountain gushes—is it less
Compact of adamant, though waters flow from it?
Firm hearts have moister eyes.—They *are*
avenged;

I wept not till they were—till the proud Gordon
Had with his life-blood dyed my father's sword,
In guerdon that he thinn'd my father's lineage,
And then I wept my sons; and, as the Gordon
Lay at my feet, there was a tear for him,
Which mingled with the rest. We had been friends,
Had shared the banquet and the chase together,
Fought side by side,—and our first cause of strife,
Woe to the pride of both, was but a light one!

Vip. You are at feud, then, with the mighty
Gordon?

Swin. At deadly feud. Here in this Border-land,
Where the sire's quarrels descend upon the son,
As due a part of his inheritance,
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,
Where private Vengeance holds the scales of
justice,

Weighing each drop of blood as scrupulously
As Jews or Lombards balance silver pence,
Not in this land, 'twixt Solway and Saint Abb's,
Rages a bitterer feud than mine and theirs,
The Swinton and the Gordon.

Vip. You, with some threescore lances—and
the Gordon

Leading a thousand followers.

Swin. You rate him far too low. Since you
sought Palestine,

He hath had grants of baronies and lordships
In the far-distant North. A thousand horse
His southern friends and vassals always number'd.
Add Badenoch kerne, and horse from Dey and Spey,
He'll count a thousand more.—And now, De
Vipont,

If the Boar-heads seem in your eyes less worthy,
For lack of followers—seek yonder standard—
The bounding Stag, with a brave host around it ;
There the young Gordon makes his earliest field,
And pants to win his spurs. His father's friend,
As well as mine, thou wert—go, join his pennon,
And grace him with thy presence.

Vip. When you were friends, I was the friend
of both,

And now I can be enemy to neither ;
But my poor person, though but slight the aid,
Joins on this field the banner of the two
Which hath the smallest following.

Swin. Spoke like the generous Knight, who
gave up all,
Leading and lordship, in a heathen land
To fight, a Christian soldier ! Yet, in earnest,
I pray, De Vipont, you would join the Gordon
In this high battle. 'Tis a noble youth,—

So fame doth vouch him,—amorous, quick, and
valiant ;

Takes knighthood, too, this day, and well may use
His spurs too rashly¹ in the wish to win them.

A friend like thee beside him in the fight,
Were worth a hundred spears, to rein his valour
And temper it with prudence :—'tis the aged eagle
Teaches his brood to gaze upon the sun,
With eye undazzled.

Vip. Alas, brave Swinton ! Wouldst thou train
the hunter
That soon must bring thee to the bay ? Your
custom,

Your most unchristian, savage, fiend-like custom,
Binds Gordon to avenge his father's death.

Swin. Why, be it so ! I look for nothing else :
My part was acted when I slew his father,
Avenging my four sons—Young Gordon's sword,
If it should find my heart, can ne'er inflict there
A pang so poignant as his father's did.
But I would perish by a noble hand,
And such will his be if he bear him nobly,
Nobly and wisely on this field of Halidon.

Enter a PURSUIVANT.

Pur. Sir Knights, to council !—'tis the Regent's
order,
That knights and men of leading meet him
instantly

¹ [MS.—“ Sharply.”]

Before the royal standard. Edward's army
Is seen from the hill-summit.

Swin. Say to the Regent, we obey his orders.

[*Exit PURSUIVANT.*]

[*To REYNALD.*] Hold thou my casque, and furl
my pennon up
Close to the staff. I will not show my crest,
Nor standard, till the common foe shall challenge
them.

I'll wake no civil strife, nor tempt the Gordon
With aught that's like defiance.

Vip. Will he not know your features?

Swin. He never saw me. In the distant North,
Against his will, 'tis said, his friends detain'd him
During his nurture—caring not, belike,
To trust a pledge so precious near the Boar-tusks.
It was a natural but needless caution :
I wage no war with children, for I think
Too deeply on mine own.

Vip. I have thought on it, and will see the
Gordon

As we go hence¹ to council. I do bear
A cross, which binds me to be Christian priest,
As well as Christian champion.² God may grant,
That I, at once his father's friend and yours,
May make some peace betwixt you.³

¹ [MS.—“As we do pass,” &c.]

² [MS.—“The cross I wear appoints me Christian priest,
As well as Christian warrior,” &c.]

³ [In the MS. the scene terminates with this line.]

Swin. When that your priestly zeal, and knightly
valour,
Shall force the grave to render up the dead.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*The summit of Halidon Hill, before the Regent's tent. The Royal Standard of Scotland is seen in the background, with the Pennons and Banners of the principal Nobles around it.*

Council of Scottish Nobles and Chiefs. SUTHERLAND, ROSS, LENNOX, MAXWELL, and other Nobles of the highest rank, are close to the REGENT's person, and in the act of keen debate. VIPONT, with GORDON and others, remain grouped at some distance on the right hand of the stage. On the left, standing also apart, is SWINTON, alone and bare-headed. The Nobles are dressed in Highland or Lowland habits, as historical costume requires. Trumpets, Heralds, &c. are in attendance.

Len. Nay, Lordings, put no shame upon my
counsels.

I did but say, if we retired a little,
We should have fairer field and better vantage.
I've seen King Robert—ay, the Bruce himself—
Retreat six leagues in length, and think no shame
on't.

Reg. Ay, but King Edward sent a haughty
message,

Defying us to battle on this field,
This very hill of Halidon; if we leave it
Unfought withal, it squares not with our honour.

Swin. [*apart.*] A perilous honour, that allows
the enemy,

And such an enemy as this same Edward,
To choose our field of battle ! He knows how
To make our Scottish pride betray its master
Into the pitfall.

*[During this speech the debate among the
Nobles is continued.]*

Suth. [*aloud.*] We will not back one furlong—
not one yard,
No, nor one inch ; where'er we find the foe,
Or where the foe finds us, there will we fight
him.

Retreat will dull the spirit of our followers,
Who now stand prompt for battle.

Ross. My Lords, methinks great Morarchat¹
has doubts,
That, if his Northern clans once turn the seam
Of their check'd hose behind, it will be hard
To halt and rally them.

Suth. Say'st thou, MacDonnell ?—Add another
falsehood,
And name when Morarchat was coward or
traitor ?

Thine island race, as chronicles can tell,
Were oft affianced to the Southron cause ;
Loving the weight and temper of their gold,
More than the weight and temper of their steel.

Reg. Peace, my Lords, ho !

¹ [Morarchate is the ancient Gaelic designation of the Earls of Sutherland.]

Ross. [*throwing down his Glove.*] MacDonnell
will not peace! There lies my pledge,
Proud Morarchat, to witness thee a liar.

Max. Brought I all Nithsdale from the Western
Border;

Left I my towers exposed to foraying England,
And thieving Annandale, to see such misrule?

John. Who speaks of Annandale? Dare Max-
well slander

The gentle House of Lochwood?¹

Reg. Peace, Lordings, once again. We rep-
resent

The Majesty of Scotland—in our presence
Brawling is treason.

Suth. Were it in presence of the King himself,
What should prevent my saying—

Enter LINDESAY.

Lind. You must determine quickly. Scarce a
mile

Parts our vanguard from Edward's. On the plain,
Bright gleams of armour flash through clouds of
dust,

Like stars through frost-mist—steeds neigh, and
weapons clash—

And arrows soon will whistle—the worst sound
That waits on English war.—You must determine.

¹ [Lochwood Castle was the ancient seat of the Johnstones, Lords of Annandale.]

Reg. We are determined. We will spare proud
Edward
Half of the ground that parts us.—Onward,
Lords ;
Saint Andrew strike for Scotland ! We will lead
The middle ward ourselves, the Royal Standard
Display'd beside us ; and beneath its shadow
Shall the young gallants, whom we knight this
day,
Fight for their golden spurs.—Lennox, thou'rt
wise,

And wilt obey command—lead thou the rear.

Len. The rear!—why I the rear ? The van
were fitter

For him who fought abreast with Robert Bruce.

Swin. [*apart.*] Discretion hath forsaken Len-
nox too !

The wisdom he was forty years in gathering
Has left him in an instant. 'Tis contagious
Even to witness frenzy.

Suth. The Regent hath determined well. The
rear

Suits him the best who counsell'd our retreat.

Len. Proud Northern Thane, the van were
soon the rear,

Were thy disorder'd followers planted there.

Suth. Then, for that very word, I make a vow,
By my broad Earldom, and my father's soul,
That if I have not leading of the van,
I will not fight to-day !

Ross. Morarchat! thou the leading of the van!
Not whilst MacDonnell lives.

Swin. [*apart.*] Nay, then a stone would speak.
[*Addresses the REGENT.*] May't please your
Grace,

And you, great Lords, to hear an old man's
counsel,

That hath seen fights enow. These open bickerings
Dishearten all our host. If that your Grace,
With these great Earls and Lords, must needs
debate,

Let the closed tent conceal your disagreement;
Else 'twill be said, ill fares it with the flock,
If shepherds wrangle, when the wolf is nigh.

Reg. The old Knight counsels well. Let every
Lord

Or Chief, who leads five hundred men or more,
Follow to council—others are excluded—
We'll have no vulgar censurers of our conduct—

[*Looking at SWINTON.*]

Young Gordon, your high rank and numerous
following

Give you a seat with us, though yet unknighthed.

Gor. I pray you, pardon me. My youth's unfit
To sit in council, when that Knight's grey hairs
And wisdom wait without.

Reg. Do as you will; we deign not bid you twice.

[*The REGENT, ROSS, SUTHERLAND, LENNOX,
MAXWELL, &c. enter the Tent. The rest remain
grouped about the Stage.*]

Gor. [*observing* SWINTON.] That helmetless
old Knight, his giant stature,
His awful accents of rebuke and wisdom,
Have caught my fancy strangely. He doth seem
Like to some vision'd form which I have dream'd of,
But never saw with waking eyes till now.
I will accost him.

Vip. Pray you, do not so ;
Anon I'll give you reason why you should not.
There's other work in hand——

Gor. I will but ask his name. There's in his
presence
Something that works upon me like a spell,
Or like the feeling made my childish ear
Dote upon tales of superstitious dread,
Attracting while they chill'd my heart with fear.
Now, born the Gordon, I do feel right well
I'm bound to fear nought earthly—and I fear
nought.
I'll know who this man is——

[*Accosts* SWINTON.]

Sir Knight, I pray you, of your gentle courtesy,
To tell your honour'd name. I am ashamed,
Being unknown in arms, to say that mine
Is Adam Gordon.

Swin. [*shows emotion, but instantly subdues it.*]

It is a name that soundeth in my ear
Like to a death-knell—ay, and like the call
Of the shrill trumpet to the mortal lists ;
Yet 'tis a name which ne'er hath been dishonour'd,

•

And never will, I trust—most surely never
By such a youth as thou.

Gor. There's a mysterious courtesy in this,
And yet it yields no answer to my question.
I trust you hold the Gordon not unworthy
To know the name he asks?

Swin. Worthy of all that openness and honour
May show to friend or foe—but, for my name,
Vipont will show it you; and, if it sound
Harsh in your ear,¹ remember that it knells there
But at your own request. This day, at least,
Though seldom wont to keep it in concealment,
As there's no cause I should, *you* had not heard it.

Gor. This strange——

Vip. The mystery is needful. Follow me.

[*They retire behind the side scene.*]

Swin. [*looking after them.*] 'Tis a brave youth.

How blush'd his noble cheek,
While youthful modesty, and the embarrassment
Of curiosity, combined with wonder,
And half suspicion of some slight intended,
All mingled in the flush; but soon 'twill deepen
Into revenge's glow. How slow is Vipont!—
I wait the issue, as I've seen spectators
Suspend the motion even of the eyelids,
When the slow gunner, with his lighted match,
Approach'd the charged cannon, in the act

¹ ["A name unmusical to Volscian ears,
And harsh in sound to thine."—*Coriolanus.*]

To waken its dread slumbers.—Now 'tis out ;
He draws his sword, and rushes towards me,
Who will nor seek nor shun him.

Enter GORDON, withheld by VIPONT.

Vip. Hold, for the sake of Heaven !—O, for
the sake
Of your dear country, hold !—Has Swinton slain
your father,
And must you, therefore, be yourself a parricide,
And stand recorded as the selfish traitor,
Who, in her hour of need, his country's cause
Deserts, that he may wreak a private wrong ?—
Look to yon banner—that is Scotland's standard ;
Look to the Regent—he is Scotland's general ;
Look to the English—they are Scotland's foemen !
Bethink thee, then, thou art a son of Scotland,
And think on nought beside.¹

Gor. He hath come here to brave me !—Off !
unhand me !—

Thou canst not be my father's ancient friend,
That stand'st 'twixt me and him who slew my
father.

Vip. You know not Swinton. Scarce one
passing thought
Of his high mind was with you ; now, his soul
Is fix'd on this day's battle. You might slay him

¹ [In the MS. the last five lines of Vipont's speech are interpolated.]

At unawares before he saw your blade drawn.—
Stand still, and watch him close.¹

Enter MAXWELL from the Tent.

Swin. How go our councils, Maxwell, may I
ask?

Max. As wild, as if the very wind and sea
With every breeze and every billow battled
For their precedence.²

Swin. Most sure they are possess'd! Some evil
spirit,
To mock their valour, robs them of discretion.
Fie, fie, upon 't!—O, that Dunfermline's tomb
Could render up The Bruce! that Spain's red shore
Could give us back the good Lord James of
Douglas!

Or that fierce Randolph, with his voice of terror,
Were here, to awe these brawlers to submission!

Vip. [to GORDON.] Thou hast perused him at
more leisure now.

Gor. I see the giant form which all men speak
of,
The stately port—but not the sullen eye,

¹ [MS.—“You must not here—not where the Royal Standard
Awaits the attack of Scotland's enemies,
Against the common foe—wage private quarrel.
He braves you not—his thought is on the event
Of this day's field. Stand still, and watch him
closer.”]

² [“Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier.”—*Hamlet.*]

Not the bloodthirsty look, that should belong
To him that made me orphan. I shall need
To name my father twice ere I can strike
At such grey hairs, and face of such command;
Yet my hand clenches on my falchion-hilt,
In token he shall die.

Vip. Need I again remind you, that the place
Permits not private quarrel?

Gor. I'm calm. I will not seek—nay, I will
shun it—

And yet methinks that such debate's the fashion.
You've heard how taunts, reproaches, and the lie,
The lie itself, have flown from mouth to mouth;
As if a band of peasants were disputing
About a foot-ball match, rather than Chiefs
Were ordering a battle. I am young,
And lack experience; tell me, brave De Vipont,
Is such the fashion of your wars in Palestine?

Vip. Such it at times hath been; and then the
Cross

Hath sunk before the Crescent. Heaven's cause
Won us not victory where wisdom was not.—
Behold yon English host come slowly on,
With equal front, rank marshall'd upon rank,
As if one spirit ruled one moving body;
The leaders, in their places, each prepared
To charge, support, and rally, as the fortune
Of changeful battle needs:—then look on ours,
Broken, disjointed, as the tumbling surges
Which the winds wake at random. Look on both
And dread the issue; yet there might be succour.

Gor. We're fearfully o'ermatch'd in discipline ;
So even my inexperienced eye can judge.
What succour save in Heaven ?

Vip. Heaven acts by human means. The
 artist's skill
Supplies in war, as in mechanic crafts,
Deficiency of tools. There's courage, wisdom,
And skill enough, live in one leader here,
As, flung into the balance, might avail
To counterpoise the odds 'twixt that ruled host
And our wild multitude.—I must not name him.

Gor. I guess, but dare not ask.—What band is
 yonder,
Arranged so closely as the English discipline
Hath marshall'd their best files ?

Vip. Know'st thou not the pennon ?
One day, perhaps, thou'lt see it all too closely,—
It is Sir Alan Swinton's.

Gor. These, then, are his,—the relics of his
 power ;
Yet worth an host of ordinary men.—
And I must slay my country's sagest leader,
And crush by numbers that determined handful,
When most my country needs their practised aid,
Or men will say, "There goes degenerate Gor-
 don ;
His father's blood is on the Swinton's sword,
And his is in his scabbard !" [Muses.

Vip. [*apart.*] High blood and mettle, mix'd
 with early wisdom,

Sparkle in this brave youth. If he survive
This evil-omen'd day, I pawn my word,
That, in the ruin which I now forebode,
Scotland has treasure left.—How close he eyes
Each look and step of Swinton ! Is it hate,
Or is it admiration, or are both
Commingled strangely in that steady gaze ?

[SWINTON and MAXWELL return from
the bottom of the stage.]

Max. The storm is laid at length amongst these
counsellors ;—

See, they come forth.

Swin. And it is more than time ;
For I can mark the vanguard archery
Handling their quivers—bending up their bows.

Enter the REGENT and Scottish Lords.

Reg. Thus shall it be, then, since we may no
better :

And, since no Lord will yield one jot of way
To this high urgency, or give the vanguard
Up to another's guidance, we will abide them
Even on this bent ; and as our troops are rank'd,
So shall they meet the foe. Chief, nor Thane,
Nor noble, can complain of the precedence
Which chance has thus assign'd him.

Swin. [*apart.*] O, sage discipline,
That leaves to chance the marshalling of a battle !

Gor. Move him to speech, De Vipont.

Vip. Move *him* !—Move whom ?

Gor. Even him, whom, but brief space since,
My hand did burn to put to utter silence.

Vip. I'll move it to him.—Swinton, speak to
them,
They lack thy counsel sorely.

Swin. Had I the thousand spears which once
I-led,
I had not thus been silent. But men's wisdom
Is rated by their means. From the poor leader
Of sixty lances, who seeks words of weight?

Gor. [*steps forward.*] Swinton, there's that of
wisdom on thy brow,
And valour in thine eye, and that of peril
In this most urgent hour, that bids me say,—
Bids me, thy mortal foe, say,—Swinton, speak,
For King and Country's sake!

Swin. Nay, if that voice commands me, speak
I will;
It sounds as if the dead lays charge on me.

[*To LENNOX, with whom he has been consulting.*]

Reg. 'Tis better than you think. This broad
hill-side
Affords fair compass for our power's display,
Rank above rank rising in seemly tiers;
So that the rearward stands as fair and open——

Swin. As e'er stood mark before an English
archer.

Reg. Who dares to say so?—Who is't dare
impeach
Our rule of discipline?

Swin. A poor Knight of these Marches, good
my Lord ;
Alan of Swinton, who hath kept a house here,
He and his ancestry, since the old days
Of Malcolm, called the Maiden.

Reg. You have brought here, even to this
pitched field,
In which the royal Banner is display'd,
I think some sixty spears, Sir Knight of Swin-
ton ;
Our musters name no more.

Swin. I brought each man I had ; and Chief,
or Earl,
Thane, Duke, or dignitary, brings no more :
And with them brought I what may here be use-
ful—
An aged eye ; which, what in England, Scotland,
Spain, France, and Flanders, hath seen fifty
battles,
And ta'en some judgment of them ; a stark hand
too,
Which plays as with a straw with this same
mace,—
Which if a young arm here can wield more
lightly,
I never more will offer word of counsel.

Len. Hear him, my Lord ; it is the noble
Swinton—
He hath had high experience.

Max.

He is noted

The wisest warrior 'twixt the Tweed and Solway,—

I do beseech you, hear him.

John. Ay, hear the Swinton—hear stout old Sir Alan;

Maxwell and Johnstone both agree for once.

Reg. Where's your impatience now?

Late you were all for battle, would not hear
Ourself pronounce a word—and now you gaze
On yon old warrior, in his antique armour,
As if he were arisen from the dead,
To bring us Bruce's counsel for the battle.

Swin. 'Tis a proud word to speak; but he who
fought

Long under Robert Bruce, may something guess,
Without communication with the dead,
At what he would have counsell'd.—Bruce had
bidden ye

Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly
Here on the bare hill-side, and bidden you mark
Yon clouds of Southron archers, bearing down
To the green meadow-lands which stretch be-
neath—

The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day
But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,
If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys,
Who draw but four-foot bows, shall gall our front,
While on our mainward, and upon the rear,
The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's own
darts,

And, though blind men discharge them, find a
mark.

Thus shall we die the death of slaughter'd deer,
Which, driven into the toils, are shot at ease
By boys and women, while they toss aloft
All idly and in vain their branchy horns,
As we shall shake our unavailing spears.

Reg. Thus, tell not me ! If their shot fall like
hail,

Our men have Milan coats to bear it out.

Swin. Never did armourer temper steel on
stithy

That made sure fence against an English arrow ;
A cobweb gossamer were guard as good ¹
Against a wasp-sting.

Reg. Who fears a wasp-sting?

Swin. I, my Lord, fear none ;

Yet should a wise man brush the insect off,
Or he may smart for it.

Reg. We'll keep the hill ; it is the vantage
ground

When the main battle joins.

Swin. It ne'er will join, while their light ar-
chery

Can foil our spearmen and our barbed horse.
To hope Plantagenet would seek close combat
When he can conquer riskless, is to deem
Sagacious Edward simpler than a babe

¹ [MS.——"guard as thick."]

In battle-knowledge. Keep the hill, my Lord,
With the main body, if it is your pleasure ;
But let a body of your chosen horse
Make execution on yon waspish archers.
I've done such work before, and love it well ;
If 'tis your pleasure to give me the leading,
The dames of Sherwood, Inglewood, and Wear-
dale,
Shall sit in widowhood, and long for venison,
And long in vain. Whoe'er remembers Ban-
nockburn,—
And when shall Scotsman, till the last loud trumpet,
Forget that stirring word !—knows *that* great
battle
Even thus was fought and won.

Len. This is the shortest road to bandy blows ;
For when the bills step forth and bows go back,
Then is the moment that our hardy spearmen,
With their strong bodies and their stubborn
hearts,
And limbs well knit by mountain exercise,
At the close tug shall foil the short-breathed
Southron.

Swin. I do not say the field will thus be won ;
The English host is numerous, brave, and loyal ;
Their Monarch most accomplish'd in war's art,
Skill'd, resolute, and wary——

Reg. And if your scheme secure not victory,¹
What does it promise us ?

¹ [“The generous abandonment of private dissension, on

Swin. This much at least,—
Darkling we shall not die : the peasant's shaft,
Loosen'd perchance without an aim or purpose,
Shall not drink up the life-blood we derive
From those famed ancestors, who made their
breasts

This frontier's barrier for a thousand years.
We'll meet these Southron bravely hand to hand,
And eye to eye, and weapon against weapon ;
Each man who falls shall see the foe who strikes
him.

While our good blades are faithful to the hilts,
And our good hands to these good blades are faith-
ful,

Blow shall meet blow, and none fall unavenged—
We shall not bleed alone.

Req. And this is all

Your wisdom hath devised?

Swin. Not all; for I would pray you, noble
Lords,

(If one, among the guilty guiltiest, might,)

the part of Gordon, which the historian has described as a momentary impulse, is depicted by the dramatist with great skill and knowledge of human feeling, as the result of many powerful and conflicting emotions. He has, we think, been very successful in his attempt to express the hesitating, and sometimes retrograde movements of a young and ardent mind, in its transition from the first glow of indignation against his hereditary foe, the mortal antagonist of his father, to the no less warm and generous devotion of feeling which is inspired in it by the contemplation of that foe's valour and virtues."—*British Critic*.]

For this one day to charm to ten hours' rest
The never-dying worm of deadly feud,
That gnaws our vexed hearts—think no one foe
Save Edward and his host:—days will remain,¹
Ay, days by far too many will remain,
To avenge old feuds or struggles for precedence;—
Let this one day be Scotland's.—For myself,
If there is any here may claim from me
(As well may chance) a debt of blood and hatred,
My life is his to-morrow unresisting,
So he to-day will let me do the best
That my old arm may achieve for the dear country
That's mother to us both.

[GORDON shows much emotion during this
and the preceding speech of SWINTON.]

Reg. It is a dream—a vision!—if one troop
Rush down upon the archers, all will follow,
And order is destroy'd—We'll keep the battle-
rank
Our fathers wont to do. No more on't.—Ho!
Where be those youths seek knighthood from our
sword?

Her. Here are the Gordon, Somerville, and
Hay,
And Hepburn, with a score of gallants more.

Reg. Gordon, stand forth.

¹ [MS.—“For this one day to chase our country's curse
From your vex'd bosoms, and think no one enemy
But those in yonder army—days enow,
Ay, days,” &c.]

Gor. I pray your Grace, forgive me.

Reg. How! seek you not for knighthood?

Gor. I do thirst for't.

But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.

Reg. It is your Sovereign's—seek you for a worthier?

Gor. Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain,

How small soever—not the general stream,
Though it be deep and wide. My Lord, I seek
The boon of knighthood from the honour'd weapon
Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.

—Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee,

Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [*Kneels.*

Reg. Degenerate boy! Abject at once and insolent!—

See, Lords, he kneels to him that slew his father!

Gor. [*starting up.*] Shame be on him, who
speaks such shameful word!

Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow dis-
sension,

When most the time demands that native Scotsmen
Forget each private wrong!

Swin. [*interrupting him.*] Youth, since you
crave me

To be your sire in chivalry, I remind you
War has its duties, Office has its reverence;
Who governs in the Sovereign's name is Sover-
eign;—

Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.

Gor. You task me justly, and I crave his
pardon, [Bows to the REGENT.
His and these noble Lords'; and pray them all
Bear witness to my words.—Ye noble presence,
Here I remit unto the Knight of Swinton
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge;
By no base fear or composition moved,
But by the thought, that in our country's battle
All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him
As freely as I pray to be forgiven,
And once more kneel to him to sue for knight-
hood.

Swin. [*affected, and drawing his sword.*] Alas!
brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,
And, tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the
point

After thine own discretion. For thy boon—
Trumpets be ready—In the Holiest name,
And in Our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,
[Touching his shoulder with his sword.
I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit!

[The trumpets sound; the Heralds cry "Largesse,"
and the Attendants shout "A Gordon! A
Gordon!"

Reg. Beggars and flatterers! Peace, peace, I
say!

We'll to the Standard; knights shall there be
made

Who will with better reason crave your clamour.

Len. What of Swinton's counsel?

Here's Maxwell and myself think it worth noting.

Reg. [*with concentrated indignation.*] Let the
best knight, and let the sagest leader,—

So Gordon quotes the man who slew his father,—
With his old pedigree and heavy mace,
Essay the adventure if it pleases him,
With his fair threescore horse. As for ourselves,
We will not peril aught upon the measure.

Gor. Lord Regent, you mistake; for if Sir
Alan

Shall venture such attack, each man who calls
The Gordon chief, and hopes or fears from him
Or good or evil, follows Swinton's banner
In this achievement.

Reg. Why, God ha' mercy! This is of a
piece.

Let young and old e'en follow their own counsel,
Since none will list to mine.

Ross. The Border cockerel fain would be on
horseback;

'Tis safe to be prepared for fight or flight:
And this comes of it to give Northern lands
To the false Norman blood.

Gor. Hearken, proud Chief of Isles! Within
my stalls

I have two hundred horse; two hundred riders

Mount guard upon my castle, who would tread
Into the dust a thousand of your Redshanks,
Nor count it a day's service.

Swin.

Hear I this

From thee, young man, and on the day of battle?
And to the brave MacDonnell?

Gor. 'Twas he that urged me; but I am re-
buked.

Reg. He crouches like a leash-hound to his
master! ¹

Swin. Each hound must do so that would head
the deer—

'Tis mongrel curs that snatch at mate or master.

Reg. Too much of this.—Sirs, to the Royal
Standard!

I bid you, in the name of good King David.
Sound trumpets—sound for Scotland and King
David!

*[The REGENT and the rest go off, and the scene
closes. Manent GORDON, SWINTON, and
VIPONT, with REYNALD and followers.
LENNOX follows the REGENT; but returns,
and addresses SWINTON.]*

Len. O, were my western horsemen but come
up,

I would take part with you!

Swin.

Better that you remain.

They lack discretion; such grey head as yours

¹ [In the MS. this speech and the next are interpolated.]

May best supply that want.

Lennox, mine ancient friend, and honour'd lord,
Farewell, I think, forever!

Len. Farewell, brave friend!—and farewell,
noble Gordon,
Whose sun will be eclipsed even as it rises!—
The Regent will not aid you.

Swin. We will so bear us, that as soon the
blood-hound
Shall halt, and take no part, what time his com-
rade
Is grappling with the deer, as he stand still,
And see us overmatch'd.

Len. Alas! thou dost not know how mean his
pride is,
How strong his envy.

Swin. Then we will die, and leave the shame
with him. [*Exit LENNOX.*

Vip. [to GORDON.] What ails thee, noble
youth? What means this pause?
Thou dost not rue thy generosity?

Gor. I have been hurried on by strong im-
pulse,
Like to a bark that scuds before the storm,
Till driven upon some strange and distant coast,
Which never pilot dream'd of.—Have I not for-
given?
And am I not still fatherless?

Swin. Gordon, no;
For while we live I am a father to thee.

Gor. Thou, Swinton?—no!—that cannot, cannot be.

Swin. Then change the phrase, and say, that while we live,

Gordon shall be my son. If thou art fatherless, Am I not childless too? Bethink thee, Gordon, Our death-feud was not like the household fire, Which the poor peasant hides among its embers, To smoulder on, and wait a time for waking. Ours was the conflagration of the forest, Which, in its fury, spares nor sprout nor stem, Hoar oak, nor sapling—not to be extinguish'd, Till Heaven in mercy, sends down all her waters; But, once subdued, its flame is quench'd forever; And spring shall hide the tract of devastation,¹ With foliage and with flowers.—Give me thy hand.

Gord. My hand and heart!—and freely now!—to fight!

Vip. How will you act? [*To SWINTON.*] The Gordon's band and thine

Are in the rearward left, I think, in scorn—
Ill post for them who wish to charge the foremost!

Swin. We'll turn that scorn to vantage, and descend

Sidelong the hill—some winding path there must be—

O, for a well-skill'd guide!

¹ [MS.—“ But, once extinguish'd, it is quench'd forever, And spring shall hide the blackness of its ashes.”]

HOB HATTELY *starts up from a thicket.*

Hob. So here he stands.—An ancient friend,
Sir Alan.

Hob Hattely, or, if you like it better,
Hob of the Heron Plume, here stands your guide.

Swin. An ancient friend?—a most notorious
knave,

Whose throat I've destined to the dodder'd oak
Before my castle, these ten months and more.
Was it not you who drove from Simprim-mains,
And Swinton-quarter, sixty head of cattle?

Hob. What then, if now I lead your sixty
lances
Upon the English flank, where they'll find spoil
Is worth six hundred beeves?

Swin. Why, thou canst do it, knave. I would
not trust thee
With one poor bullock; yet would risk my life,
And all my followers, on thine honest guidance.

Hob. There is a dingle, and a most discreet
one,
(I've trod each step by star-light,) that sweeps
round

The rearward of this hill, and opens secretly
Upon the archers' flank.—Will not that serve
Your present turn, Sir Alan?

Swin. Bravely, bravely!

Gor. Mount, sirs, and cry my slogan.
Let all who love the Gordon follow me!

Swin. Ay, let all follow—but in silence follow.

Scare not the hare that's couchant on her form—
The cushat from her nest—brush not, if possible,
The dewdrop from the spray—

Let no one whisper, until I cry, "Havoc!"

Then shout as loud's ye will. On, on, brave
Hob;

On, thou false thief, but yet most faithful Scots-
man!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A rising ground immediately in front of the position of the English main body. PERCY, CHANDOS, RIBAUMONT, and other English and Norman Nobles, are grouped on the stage.*

Per. The Scots still keep the hill—the sun grows high.

Would that the charge would sound.

Chan. Thou scent'st the slaughter, Percy.—
Who comes here?

Enter the ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

Now, by my life, the holy priest of Walthamstow.
Like to a lamb among a herd of wolves!

See, he's about to bleat.

Ab. The King, methinks, delays the onset long.

Chan. Your general, Father, like your rat-catcher,

Pauses to bait his traps, and set his snares.

Ab. The metaphor is decent.

Chan.

Reverend sir,

I will uphold it just. Our Good King Edward
Will presently come to this battle-field,

And speak to you of the last tilting match,
Or of some feat he did a twenty years since ;
But not a word of the day's work before him.
Even as the artist, sir, whose name offends you,
Sits prosing o'er his can, until the trap fall,
Announcing that the vermin are secured,
And then 'tis up, and on them.

Per. Chandos, you give your tongue too bold a
license.

Chan. Percy, I am a necessary evil.
King Edward would not want me, if he could,
And could not, if he would. I know my value.
My heavy hand excuses my light tongue.
So men wear weighty swords in their defence,
Although they may offend the tender shin,
When the steel-boot is doff'd.

Ab. My Lord of Chandos,
This is but idle speech on brink of battle,
When Christian men should think upon their sins ;
For as the tree falls, so the trunk must lie,
Be it for good or evil. Lord, bethink thee,
Thou hast withheld from our most reverend
house,
The tithes of Everingham and Settleton ;
Wilt thou make satisfaction to the Church
Before her thunders strike thee ? I do warn thee
In most paternal sort.

Chan. I thank you, Father, filially.
Though but a truant son of Holy Church,
I would not choose to undergo her censures,

When Scottish blades are waving at my throat.
I'll make fair composition.

Ab. No composition; I'll have all, or none.

Chan. None, then—'tis soonest spoke. I'll
take my chance,

And trust my sinful soul to Heaven's mercy,
Rather than risk my worldly goods with thee—
My hour may not be come.

Ab. Impious—impenitent—

Per. Hush! the King—the King!

Enter KING EDWARD attended by BALIOL and others.

King [*apart to CHANDOS*]. Hark hither, Chan-
dos!—Have the Yorkshire archers

Yet join'd the vanguard?

Chan. They are marching thither.

King Ed. Bid them make haste, for shame—
send a quick rider.

The loitering knaves! were it to steal my venison,
Their steps were light enough.—How now, Sir
Abbot?

Say, is your Reverence come to study with us
The princely art of war?

Ab. I've had a lecture from my Lord of Chan-
dos,
In which he term'd your Grace a rat-catcher.

King Ed. Chandos, how's this?

Chan. O, I will prove it, sir!—These skipping
Scots

Have changed a dozen times 'twixt Bruce and
Baliol,

Quitting each House when it began to totter ;
They're fierce and cunning, treacherous, too, as
rats,

And we, as such, will smoke them in their fast-
nesses.

King Ed. These rats have seen your back, my
Lord of Chandos,
And noble Percy's too.

Per. Ay ; but the mass which now lies wel-
tering
On yon hill side, like a Leviathan
That's stranded on the shallows, then had soul
in't,

Order and discipline, and power of action.
Now 'tis a headless corpse, which only shows,
By wild convulsions, that some life remains in't.

King Ed. True, they had once a head ; and
'twas a wise,
Although a rebel head.

Ab. [*bowing to the King.*] Would he were here !
we should find one to match him.

King Ed. There's something in that wish which
wakes an echo

Within my bosom. Yet it is as well,
Or better, that The Bruce is in his grave.
We have enough of powerful foes on earth,
No need to summon them from other worlds.

Per. Your Grace ne'er met The Bruce ?

King Ed. Never himself ; but in my earliest
field,

I did encounter with his famous captains,
Douglas and Randolph. Faith ! they press'd me
hard.

Ab. My liege, if I might urge you with a
question,

Will the Scots fight to-day ?

King Ed. [*sharply.*] Go look your breviary.

Chan. [*apart.*] The Abbot has it—Edward
will not answer

On that nice point. We must observe his hu-
mour.—

[*Addresses the KING.*

Your first campaign, my liege ?—That was in
Weardale,

When Douglas gave our camp yon midnight ruffle,
And turn'd men's beds to biers ?

King Ed. Ay, by Saint Edward !—I escaped
right nearly.

I was a soldier then for holidays,

And slept not in mine armour : my safe rest

Was startled by the cry of " Douglas ! Douglas !"

And by my couch, a grisly chamberlain,

Stood Alan Swinton, with his bloody mace.

It was a churchman saved me—my stout chap-
lain,

Heaven quit his spirit ! caught a weapon up,

And grappled with the giant. How now, Louis ?

Enter an Officer, who whispers the KING.

King Ed. Say to him,—thus—and thus——

[*Whispers.*

Ab. That Swinton's dead. A monk of ours
reported,
Bound homeward from St. Ninian's pilgrimage,
The Lord of Gordon slew him.

Per. Father, and if your house stood on our
borders,
You might have cause to know that Swinton lives,
And is on horseback yet.

Chan. He slew the Gordon,
That's all the difference—a very trifle.

Ab. Trifling to those who wage a war more
noble
Than with the arm of flesh.

Chan. [*apart.*] The Abbot's vex'd, I'll rub the
sore for him.—

[*Aloud.*] I have seen priests that used that arm
of flesh,

And used it sturdily.—Most reverend Father,
What say you to the chaplain's deed of arms
In the King's tent at Weardale?

Ab. It was most sinful, being against the canon
Prohibiting all churchmen to bear weapons;
And as he fell in that unseemly guise,
Perchance his soul may rue it.

King Ed. [*overhearing the last words.*]

Who may rue?

And what is to be rued?

Chan. [*apart.*] I'll match his Reverence for
the tithes of Everingham.

—The Abbot says, my Liege, the deed was sinful,

By which your chaplain, wielding secular weapons,
Secured your Grace's life and liberty,
And that he suffers for 't in purgatory.

King Ed. [to the Abbot.] Say'st thou my chaplain is in purgatory?

Ab. It is the canon speaks it, good my Liege.

King Ed. In purgatory! thou shalt pray him out on't,

Or I will make thee wish thyself beside him.

Ab. My Lord, perchance his soul is past the aid

Of all the church may do—there is a place
From which there's no redemption.

King Ed. And if I thought my faithful chaplain there,

Thou shouldst there join him, priest!—Go, watch,
fast, pray,

And let me have such prayers as will storm
Heaven—

None of your maim'd and mutter'd hunting masses.

Ab. [apart to Chan.] For God's sake take him off.

Chan. Wilt thou compound, then,

The tithes of Everingham?

King Ed. I tell thee, if thou bear'st the keys
of Heaven,

Abbot, thou shalt not turn a bolt with them
'Gainst any well-deserving English subject.

Ab. [to Chan.] We will compound, and grant
thee, too, a share

I' the next indulgence. Thou dost need it much,
And greatly 'twill avail thee.

Chan. Enough—we're friends, and when occasion serves,

I will strike in.—

[Looks as if towards the Scottish army.]

King Ed. Answer, proud Abbot; is my chaplain's soul,

If thou knowest aught on't, in the evil place?

Chan. My Liege, the Yorkshire men have gain'd the meadow.

I see the pennon green of merry Sherwood.

King Ed. Then give the signal instant! We have lost

But too much time already.

Ab. My Liege, your holy chaplain's blessed soul——

King Ed. To hell with it and thee! Is this a time

To speak of monks and chaplains?

[Flourish of Trumpets, answered by a distant sound of Bugles.]

See, Chandos, Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!

See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resist-
less,

Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English hearts!

How close they shoot together!—as one eye
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!

Per. The thick volley
Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.

King Ed. It falls on those shall see the sun no
more.

The winged, the resistless plague¹ is with them.
How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro,
Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in him,
They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.
The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing,
Unerring as his scythe.

Per. Horses and riders are going down together.
'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall,
And by a peasant's arrow.

Bal. I could weep them,
Although they are my rebels.

Chan. [*aside to PERCY.*] His conquerors, he
means, who cast him out
From his usurped kingdom.—[*Aloud.*] 'Tis the
worst of it,
That knights can claim small honour in the field
Which archers win, unaided by our lances.

King Ed. The battle is not ended.

[*Looks towards the field.*
Not ended?—scarce begun! What horse are these,
Rush from the thicket underneath the hill?

Per. They're Hainaulters, the followers of
Queen Isabel.

King Ed. [*hastily.*] Hainaulters!—thou art
blind—wear Hainaulters

¹ [MS.—“The viewless, the resistless plague,” &c.]

Saint Andrew's silver cross?—or would they charge

Full on our archers, and make havoc of them?—
Bruce is alive again—ho, rescue! rescue!—

Who was't survey'd the ground?

Rib. Most royal Liege—

King Ed. A rose hath fallen from thy chaplet,¹
Ribaumont.

Rib. I'll win it back, or lay my head beside it.

[*Exit.*

King Ed. Saint George! Saint Edward! Gentlemen, to horse,

And to the rescue!—Percy, lead the bill-men;
Chandos, do thou bring up the men-at-arms.—
If yonder numerous host should now bear down
Bold as their vanguard [*to the Abbot,*] thou may'st
pray for us,

We may need good men's prayers.—To the rescue,
Lords, to the rescue! ha, Saint George! Saint
Edward!²

[*Exeunt.*

¹ The well-known expression by which Robert Bruce censured the negligence of Randolph, for permitting an English body of cavalry to pass his flank on the day preceding the battle of Bannockburn.

² ["In the second act, after the English nobles have amused themselves in some trifling conversation with the Abbot of Walthamstow, Edward is introduced; and his proud courageous temper and short manner are very admirably delineated; though, if our historical recollections do not fail us, it is more completely the picture of Longshanks than of the third Edward. . . . We conceive it to be extremely probable that Sir Walter Scott had resolved to commemorate some of

SCENE II.—*A part of the field of battle betwixt the two main armies. Tumults behind the scenes; alarums, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon," "Swinton," &c.*

Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard, VIPONT, REYNALD, and others.

Vip. 'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together,—
Gordon and Swinton.

Reyn. 'Tis passing pleasant, yet, 'tis strange withal.

Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's slogan
Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck down
The knave who cried it.

Enter SWINTON and GORDON.

Swin. Pitch down my pennon in yon holly bush.

Gor. Mine in the thorn beside it; let them
wave,

As fought this morn their masters, side by side.

the events in the life of Wallace, and had already sketched that hero, and a Templar, and Edward the First, when his eye glanced over the description of Homildon Hill, in Pinkerton's History of Scotland; that, being pleased with the characters of Swinton and Gordon, he transferred his Wallace to Swinton; and that, for the sake of retaining his portrait of Edward, as there happened to be a Gordon and a Douglas at the battle of Halidoun in the time of Edward the Third, and there was so much similarity in the circumstances of the contest, he preserved his Edward as Edward the Third, retaining also his old Knight Templar, in defiance of the anachronism."—*Monthly Review*, July, 1822.]

¹ [The MS. adds,—“such was my surprise.”]

Swin. Let the men rally, and restore their
ranks

Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase
Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our part,
And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet
Must turn his bridle southward.—

Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet
Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard;
Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him,
And by that token bid him send us succour.

Gor. And tell him that when Selby's head-
long charge
Had wellnigh borne me down, Sir Alan smote
him.

I cannot send his helmet, never nutshell
Went to so many shivers.—Harkye, grooms!

[*To those behind the scenes.*]

Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffening
After so hot a course?

Swin. Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have
work anon,
For Edward's men-at-arms will soon be on us,
The flower of England, Gascony, and Flanders;
But with swift succour we will bide them bravely.—
De Vipont, thou look'st sad?¹

¹ ["While thus enjoying a breathing time, Swinton observes the thoughtful countenance of De Vipont. See what follows. Were ever England and Englishmen more nobly, more beautifully, more justly characterized, than by the latter, or was patriotic feeling ever better sustained than by the former and his brave companion in arms?"—*New Edinburgh Review.*]

Vip. It is because I hold a Templar's sword
Wet to the crossed hilt with Christian blood.

Swin. The blood of English archers—what can
gild

A Scottish blade more bravely ?

Vip. Even therefore grieve I for those gallant
yeomen,

England's peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth
And field as free as the best lord his barony,
Owing subjection to no human vassalage,
Save to their King and law. Hence are they
resolute,

Leading the van on every day of battle,
As men who know the blessings they defend.
Hence are they frank and generous in peace,
As men who have their portion in its plenty.
No other kingdom shows such worth and happi-
ness

Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn
them.

Swin. I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots,
Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression,
Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner,
And die in the defence on't.

Gor. And if I live and see my halls again,
They shall have portion in the good they fight for.
Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sod-built home, as free
As ever Southron had. They shall be happy !—

And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it !—¹
I have betrayed myself.

Swin.

Do not believe it.—

Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's.— [Exit VIPONT.

Now will I counsel thee ;

The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
The brave young knight that hath no lady-love
Is like a lamp unlighted ; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious,
When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name ? ²

Gor. Must I then speak of her to you, Sir
Alan ?

The thought of thee, and of thy matchless
strength,
Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.
The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient
To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
And wouldst thou now know hers ?

¹ [“ There wanted but a little of the tender passion to make this youth every way a hero of romance. But the poem has no ladies. How admirably is this defect supplied ! In his enthusiastic anticipation of prosperity, he allows a name to escape him.”—*New Edinburgh Review.*]

² [“ Amid the confusion and din of the battle, the reader is unexpectedly greeted with a dialogue, which breathes indeed the soft sounds of the lute in the clang of trumpets.”—*Monthly Review.*]

Swin. I would, nay must.
Thy father in the paths of chivalry,
Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy
course by.

Gor. Nay, then, her name is—hark—— [*Whispers.*]

Swin. I know it well, that ancient northern house.

Gor. O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and
honour

In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee——

Swin. It did before disasters had untuned me.

Gor. O, her notes
Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion,
Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling,
That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she,
Knows the wild harpings of our native land?
Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill,
Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment,
Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood.
Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms,
And grey-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first
And choicest homage render to the enchantress.

Swin. You speak her talent bravely.

Gor. Though you smile,
I do not speak it half. Her gift creative,
New measures adds to every air she wakes;
Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness,
Like the wild modulation of the lark;
Now leaving, now returning to the strain!
To listen to her is to seem to wander

In some enchanted labyrinth of romance,
Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will,
Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer.
Methinks, I hear her now !—

Swin.

Bless'd privilege

Of youth ! There's scarce three minutes to decide
'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat,
Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower,
List'ning her harping !——

Enter VIPONT.

Where are thine, De Vipont ?

Vip. On death—on judgment—on eternity !
For time is over with us.

Swin. There moves not, then, one pennon to
our aid,
Of all that flutter yonder !

Vip. From the main English host come rushing
forward

Pennons enow—ay, and their Royal Standard.
But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.

Swin. [*to himself.*]. I'll rescue him at least.—
Young Lord of Gordon,

Spur to the Regent—show the instant need——

Gor. I penetrate thy purpose ; but I go not.

Swin. Not at my bidding ? I, thy sire in
chivalry—

Thy leader in the battle?—I command thee.

Gor. No, thou wilt not command me seek my
safety,—

For such is thy kind meaning,—at the expense

Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland.

While I abide, no follower of mine
Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone,
What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed,

What swords shall for an instant stem yon host,
And save the latest chance for victory?

Vip. The noble youth speaks truth; and were he gone,

There will not twenty spears be left with us.

Gor. No, bravely as we have begun the field,
So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes,
More certain than a thousand messages,
Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host
Against yon bursting storm. If not for honour,
If not for warlike rule, for shame at least
He must bear down to aid us.

Swin.

Must it be so?

And am I forced to yield the sad consent,
Devoting thy young life?¹ O, Gordon, Gordon!
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue;
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;
But I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice,²
Rather than such a victim!—[*Trumpets.*] Hark,
they come!

That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.

¹ [MS.—“ And I am doom'd to yield the sad consent
That thus devotes thy life? ”]

² [MS.—“ O, could there be some lesser sacrifice. ”]

Gor. Yet shall my lady's name mix with it
gayly,—
Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry, "Gor-
don!
Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!"

[*Exeunt. Loud alarums.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the field of battle, adjacent to the former scene.*

Alarums. Enter SWINTON, followed by HOB HATTELY.

Swin. Stand to it yet! The man who flies to-day,
May bastards warm them at his household hearth!

Hob. That ne'er shall be my curse. My Mag-
dalen

Is trusty as my broadsword.

Swin.

Ha, thou knave,

Art thou dismounted too?

Hob.

I know, Sir Alan,

You want no homeward guide; so threw my reins
Upon my palfrey's neck, and let him loose.

Within an hour he stands before my gate;

And Magdalen will need no other token

To bid the Melrose Monks say masses for me.

Swin. Thou art resolved to cheat the halter,
then?

Hob.

It is my purpose,

Having lived a thief, to die a brave man's death;
And never had I a more glorious chance for't.

Swin. Here lies the way to it, knave.—Make
in, make in,
And aid young Gordon !

*[Exeunt. Loud and long alarums. After which
the back scene rises, and discovers SWINTON
on the ground, GORDON supporting him; both
much wounded.]*

Swin. All are cut down—the reapers have
pass'd o'er us,
And hie to distant harvest.—My toil's over ;
There lies my sickle. *[Dropping his sword.]* Hand
of mine again
Shall never, never wield it !¹

Gor. O valiant leader, is thy light extinguish'd !
That only beacon-flame which promised safety
In this day's deadly rack !

Swin. My lamp hath long been dim. But thine,
young Gordon,
Just kindled, to be quench'd so suddenly,
Ere Scotland saw its splendour !——

Gor. Five thousand horse hung idly on yon hill,
Saw us o'erpower'd, and no one stirr'd to aid us !

Swin. It was the Regent's envy.—Out !—alas !
Why blame I him !—It was our civil discord,
Our selfish vanity, our jealous hatred,
Which framed this day of dole for our poor
country.—

Had thy brave father held yon leading staff,

¹[This speech of Swinton's is interpolated on the blank
page of the manuscript.]

As well his rank and valour might have claim'd it,
We had not fall'n unaided.—How, O how
Is he to answer it, whose deed prevented——

Gor. Alas! alas! the author of the death-feud,
He has his reckoning, too! for had your sons
And num'rous vassals lived, we had lack'd no aid.

Swin. May God assoil the dead, and him who
follows!

We've drank the poison'd beverage which we
brew'd :

Have sown the wind, and reap'd the tenfold whirl-
wind!—

But thou, brave youth, whose nobleness of heart
Pour'd oil upon the wounds our hate inflicted;
Thou, who hast done no wrong, need'st no forgive-
ness,—

Why shouldst thou share our punishment!

Gor. All need forgiveness—[*distant alarum*]
——Hark, in yonder shout

Did the main battles counter!

Swin. Look on the field, brave Gordon, if thou
canst,

And tell me how the day goes.—But I guess,
Too surely do I guess——

Gor. All's lost! all's lost!—Of the main Scot-
tish host,

Some wildly fly, and some rush wildly forward;
And some there are who seem to turn their spears
Against their countrymen.

Swin. Rashness, and cowardice, and secret
treason,

Combine to ruin us ; and our hot valour,
Devoid of discipline, is madmen's strength,
More fatal unto friends than enemies !
I'm glad that these dim eyes shall see no more
on't.—

Let thy hands close them, Gordon—I will dream
My fair-hair'd William renders me that office !

[Dies.

Gor. And, Swinton, I will think I do that duty
To my dead father.

• *Enter DE VIPONT.*

Vip. Fly, fly, brave youth !—A handful of thy
followers,
The scatter'd gleanings of this desperate day,
Still hover yonder to essay thy rescue.—
O linger not !—I'll be your guide to them.

Gor. Look there, and bid me fly !—The oak has
fall'n ;
And the young ivy bush, which learn'd to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Vip. Swinton ? Alas ! the best, the bravest,
strongest,
And sagest of our Scottish chivalry !
Forgive me one moment, if to save the living,
My tongue should wrong the dead.—Gordon, be-
think thee,
Thou dost but stay to perish with the corpse¹
Of him who slew thy father.

¹ [MS.—“ Thou hast small cause to tarry with the corpse.”]

Gor. Ay, but he was my sire in chivalry.
He taught my youth to soar above the promptings
Of mean and selfish vengeance; gave my youth
A name that shall not die even on this death-spot.
Records shall tell this field had not been lost,
Had all men fought like Swinton and like Gordon.

[*Trumpets.*]

Save thee, De Vipont.—Hark! the Southron
trumpets.

Vip. Nay, without thee I stir not.

Enter EDWARD, CHANDOS, PERCY, BALIOL, &c.

Gor. Ay, they come on—the Tyrant and the
Traitor,
Workman and tool, Plantagenet and Baliol.—
O for a moment's strength in this poor arm,
To do one glorious deed!

[*He rushes on the English, but is made
prisoner with VIPONT.*]

King Ed. Disarm them—harm them not;
though it was they
Made havoc on the archers of our vanguard,
They and that bulky champion. Where is he?

Chan. Here lies the giant! Say his name,
young Knight?

Gor. Let it suffice, he was a man this morning.¹

Chan. I question'd thee in sport. I do not
need

¹ [In his narrative of events on the day after the battle of Sheriffmuir, Sir Walter Scott says, "Amongst the gentlemen

Thy information, youth. Who that has fought
Through all these Scottish wars, but knows his
crest,

The sable boar chain'd to the leafy oak,
And that huge mace still seen where war was
wildest !

King Ed. 'Tis Alan Swinton !

Grim chamberlain, who in my tent at Weardale,
Stood by my startled couch¹ with torch and mace,
When the Black Douglas' war-cry waked my
camp.

Gor. [*sinking down.*] If thus thou know'st
him,

Thou wilt respect his corpse.²

who fell on this occasion, were several on both sides, alike eminent for birth and character. The body of the gallant young Earl of Strathmore was found on the field watched by a faithful old domestic, who, being asked the name of the person whose body he waited upon with so much care, made this striking reply, 'He was a man yesterday.'—*Tales of a Grandfather*, Third Series, vol. ii. p. 46.]

¹ [MS.—"Stood arm'd beside my couch," &c.]

² ["The character of Swinton is obviously a favourite with the author, to which circumstance we are probably indebted for the strong relief in which it is given, and the perfect verisimilitude which belongs to it. The stately commanding figure of the veteran warrior, whom by the illusion of his art, the author has placed in veritable presentment before us;—his venerable age, superior prowess, and intuitive decision;—the broils in which he had engaged, the misfortunes he had suffered, and the intrepid fortitude with which he sustained them, together with that rigorous control of temper, not to be shaken even by unmerited contumely and insult;—these

King Ed. As belted Knight and crowned King,
I will.

Gor. And let mine
Sleep at his side, in token that our death
Ended the feud of Swinton and of Gordon.

King Ed. It is the Gordon!—Is there aught
beside
Edward can do to honour bravery,
Even in an enemy?

Gor. Nothing but this:
Let not base Baliol, with his touch or look,
Profane my corpse or Swinton's. I've some
breath still,

Enough to say—Scotland—Elizabeth! [Dies.]

Chan. Baliol, I would not brook such dying
looks,

To buy the crown you aim at.

King Ed. [to VIPONT.] Vipont, thy crossed
shield shows ill in warfare

Against a Christian king.

Vip. That Christian King is warring upon
Scotland.

I was a Scotchman ere I was a Templar,¹
Sworn to my country ere I knew my order.

qualities, grouped and embodied in one and the same character, render it morally impossible that we should not at once sympathize and admire. The inherent force of his character is finely illustrated in the effect produced upon Lord Gordon by the first appearance of the man 'who had made him fatherless.'"—*Edinburgh Magazine*, July, 1822.]

¹ A Venetian General, observing his soldiers testified some

King Ed. I will but know thee as a Christian
champion,
And set thee free unransom'd.

Enter ABBOT OF WALTHAMSTOW.

Ab. Heaven grant your Majesty
Many such glorious days as this has been!

King Ed. It is a day of much and high advantage ;
Glorious it might have been, had all our foes
Fought like these two brave champions.—Strike
the drums,
Sound trumpets, and pursue the fugitives,
Till the Tweed's eddies overwhelm them. Berwick's
render'd—
These wars, I trust, will soon find lasting close.¹

unwillingness to fight against those of the Pope, whom they regarded as father of the Church, addressed them in terms of similar encouragement,—“Fight on! we were Venetians before we were Christians.”

¹ [“It is generally the case that much expectation ends in disappointment. The free delineation of character in some of the recent Scottish Novels, and the admirable conversations interspersed throughout them, raised hopes that, when a regular drama should be attempted by the person who was considered as their author, the success would be eminent. Its announcement, too, in a solemn and formal manner, did not diminish the interest of the public. The drama, however, which was expected, turns out to be in fact, and not only in name, merely a dramatic sketch, which is entirely deficient in plot, and contains but three characters, Swinton, Gordon, and Edward, in whom any interest is endeavoured to be ex-

cited. With some exceptions, the dialogue also is flat and coarse; and for all these defects, one or two vigorous descriptions of battle scenes, will scarcely make sufficient atonement, except in the eyes of very enthusiastic friends."—*Monthly Review*.

"Halidon Hill, we understand, unlike the earlier poems of its author, has not been received into the ranks of popular favour. Such rumours, of course, have no effect on our critical judgment; but we cannot forbear saying, that, thinking as we do very highly of the spirit and taste with which an interesting tale is here sketched in natural and energetic verse, we are yet far from feeling surprised that the approbation, which it is our pleasing duty to bestow, should not have been anticipated by the ordinary readers of the work before us. It bears, in truth, no great resemblance to the narrative poems from which Sir Walter Scott derived his first and high reputation, and by which, *for the present*, his genius must be characterized. It is wholly free from many of their most obvious faults—their carelessness, their irregularity, and their inequality both of conception and of execution; but it wants likewise no inconsiderable portion of their beauties—it has less 'pomp and circumstance,' less picturesque description, romantic association, and chivalrous glitter, less sentiment and reflection, less perhaps of all their striking charms, with the single exception of that one redeeming and sufficing quality, which forms, in our view, the highest recommendation of *all* the author's works of imagination, their unaffected and unflagging VIGOUR. This perhaps, after all, is only saying, that we have before us a dramatic poem, instead of a metrical tale of romance, and that the author has had too much taste and discretion to bedizen his scenes with inappropriate and encumbering ornament. There is, however, a class of readers of poetry, and a pretty large class, too, who have no relish for a work, however naturally and strongly the characters and incidents may be conceived and sustained—however appropriate and manly may be the

imagery and diction—from which they cannot select any isolated passages to store in their memories or their commonplace books, to whisper into a lady's ear, or transcribe into a lady's album. With this tea-table and watering-place school of critics, 'Halidon Hill' must expect no favour; it has no rant—no mysticism—and, worst offence of all, no affectation."—*British Critic*, October, 1822.]

END OF HALIDON HILL.

MACDUFF'S CROSS.

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE,

AUTHORESS OF

“THE PLAYS ON THE PASSIONS.”

INTRODUCTION.

THESE few scenes had the honour to be included in a Miscellany, published in the year 1823, by Mrs. Joanna Baillie, and are here reprinted, to unite them with the trifles of the same kind which owe their birth to the author. The singular history of the Cross and Law of Clan MacDuff is given, at length enough to satisfy the keenest antiquary, in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.¹ It is here only necessary to state, that the Cross was a place of refuge to any person related to MacDuff, within the ninth degree, who, having committed homicide in sudden quarrel, should reach this place, prove his descent from the Thane of Fife, and pay a certain penalty.

The shaft of the Cross was destroyed at the Reformation. The huge block of stone which served for its pedestal is still in existence near the town of Newburgh, on a kind of pass which commands the county of Fife to the southward,

¹ [See the Appendix to Lord Soulis, "Law of Clan MacDuff," vol. iv. p. 266.]

and to the north, the windings of the magnificent Tay and fertile country of Angus-shire. The Cross bore an inscription, which is transmitted to us in an unintelligible form by Sir Robert Sibbald.

ABBOTSFORD, *January* 1830.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NINIAN,	}	<i>Monks of Lindores.</i>
WALDHAVE,		
LINDESAY,	}	<i>Scottish Barons.</i>
MAURICE BERKELEY,		

PRELUDE.

NAY, smile not, Lady, when I speak of witchcraft,
And say, that still there lurks amongst our glens
Some touch of strange enchantment.—Mark that
fragment,

I mean that rough-hewn block of massive stone,
Placed on the summit of this mountain-pass,
Commanding prospect wide o'er field and fell,
And peopled village and extended moorland,
And the wide ocean and majestic Tay,
To the far distant Grampians.—Do not deem it
A loosen'd portion of the neighbouring rock,
Detach'd by storm and thunder,—'twas the pedestal

On which, in ancient times, a Cross was rear'd,
Carved o'er with words which foil'd philologists;
And the events it did commemorate
Were dark, remote, and undistinguishable,
As were the mystic characters it bore.
But, mark,—a wizard born on Avon's bank,

Tuned but his harp to this wild northern theme,
And, lo! the scene is hallow'd. None shall pass,
Now or in after days, beside that stone,
But he shall have strange visions; thoughts and
words

That shake, or rouse, or thrill the human heart,
Shall rush upon his memory when he hears
The spirit-stirring name of this rude symbol;—
Oblivious ages, at that simple spell,
Shall render back their terrors with their woes,
Alas! and with their crimes—and the proud
phantoms

Shall move with step familiar to his eye,
And accents which, once heard, the ear forgets
not,

Though ne'er again to list them. Siddons, thine,
Thou matchless Siddons! thrill upon our ear;
And on our eye thy lofty Brother's form
Rises as Scotland's monarch.—But, to thee,
Joanna, why to thee speak of such visions?
Thine own wild wand can raise them.

Yet since thou wilt an idle tale of mine,
Take one which scarcely is of worth enough
To give or to withhold.—Our time creeps on,
Fancy grows colder as the silvery hair
Tells the advancing winter of our life.
But if it be of worth enough to please,
That worth it owes to her who set the task;
If otherwise, the fault rests with the author.

MACDUFF'S CROSS.

SCENE I.—*The summit of a Rocky Pass near to Newburgh, about two miles from the ancient Abbey of Lindores, in Fife. In the centre is MacDuff's Cross, an antique monument; and, at a small distance, on one side, a chapel with a lamp burning.*

Enter, as having ascended the Pass, NINIAN and WALDHAVE, Monks of Lindores. NINIAN crosses himself, and seems to recite his devotions—WALDHAVE stands gazing on the prospect, as if in deep contemplation.

Nin. Here stands the Cross, good brother, consecrated

By the bold Thane unto his patron saint
Magridius, once a brother of our house.
Canst thou not spare an ave or a creed?
Or hath the steep ascent exhausted you?
You trode it stoutly, though 'twas rough and toilsome.

Wald. I have trode a rougher.

Nin. On the Highland hills—
Scarcely within our sea-girt province here,
Unless upon the Lomonds or Bennarty.

Wald. I spoke not of the literal path, good father,

But of the road of life which I have travell'd,
Ere I assumed this habit ; it was bounded,
Hedged in, and limited by earthly prospects,
As ours beneath was closed by dell and thicket.
Here we see wide and far, and the broad sky,
With wide horizon, opens full around,
While earthly objects dwindle. Brother Ninian,
Fain would I hope that mental elevation
Could raise me equally o'er worldly thoughts,
And place me nearer heaven.

Nin. 'Tis good morality.—But yet forget not,
That though we look on heaven from this high
eminence,
Yet doth the Prince of all the airy space,
Arch foe of man, possess the realms between.

Wald. Most true, good brother ; and men may
be farther
From the bright heaven they aim at, even because
They deem themselves secure on't.

Nin. [*after a pause.*] You do gaze—
Strangers are wont to do so—on the prospect.
Yon is the Tay roll'd down from Highland hills,
That rests his waves, after so rude a race,
In the fair plains of Gowrie—further westward,
Proud Stirling rises—yonder to the east,
Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,
And still more northward lie the ancient tow-
ers——

Wald. Of Edzell.

Nin. How ? know you the towers of Edzell ?

Wald. I've heard of them.

Nin. Then have you heard a tale,
Which when he tells the peasant shakes his head,
And shuns the mouldering and deserted walls.

Wald. Why, and by whom, deserted ?

Nin. Long the tale—
Enough to say that the last Lord of Edzell,
Bold Lewis Lindesay, had a wife, and found——

Wald. Enough is said, indeed—since a weak
woman,
Ay, and a tempting fiend, lost Paradise,
When man was innocent.

Nin. They fell at strife,
Men say, on slight occasion : that fierce Lindesay
Did bend his sword against De Berkeley's breast,
And that the lady threw herself between :
That then De Berkeley dealt the Baron's death-
wound.

Enough that from that time De Berkeley bore
A spear in foreign wars. But, it is said,
He hath return'd of late ; and, therefore, brother,
The Prior hath ordain'd our vigil here,
To watch the privilege of the sanctuary,
And rights of Clan MacDuff.

Wald. What rights are these ?

Nin. Most true ! you are but newly come from
Rome,
And do not know our ancient usages.
Know then, when fell Macbeth beneath the arm
Of the predestined knight, unborn of woman,

Three boons the victor ask'd, and thrice did Malcolm,

Stooping the sceptre by the Thane restored,
Assent to his request. And hence the rule,
That first when Scotland's King assumes the crown,
Macduff's descendant rings his brow with it :
And hence, when Scotland's King calls forth his
host,

Macduff's descendant leads the van in battle :

And last, in guerdon of the crown restored,
Red with the blood of the usurping tyrant,
The right was granted in succeeding time,
That if a kinsman of the Thane of Fife
Commit a slaughter on a sudden impulse,
And fly for refuge to this Cross MacDuff,
For the Thane's sake he shall find sanctuary ;
For here must the avenger's step be staid,
And here the panting homicide find safety.

Wald. And here a brother of your order watches,
To see the custom of the place observed ?—

Nin. Even so ;—such is our convent's holy right,
Since saint Magridius,—blessed be his memory !—
Did by a vision warn the Abbot Eadmir.—
And chief we watch, when there is bickering
Among the neighbouring nobles, now most likely
From this return of Berkeley from abroad,
Having the Lindesay's blood upon his hand.

Wald. The Lindesay, then, was loved among
his friends ?

Nin. Honour'd and fear'd he was—but little
loved ;

For even his bounty bore a show of sternness ;
And when his passions waked, he was a Sathan
Of wrath and injury.

Wald. How now, Sir Priest ! [*fiercely*]
Forgive me [*recollecting himself*]
—I was dreaming

Of an old baron, who did bear about him
Some touch of your Lord Reynold.

Nin. Lindesay's name, my brother,
Indeed was Reynold ;—and methinks, moreover,
That as you spoke even now, he would have
spoken.

I brought him a petition from our convent :
He granted straight, but in such tone and manner,
By my good saint ! I thought myself scarce safe
Till Tay roll'd broad between us. I must now
Unto the chapel—meanwhile the watch is thine ;
And, at thy word, the hurrying fugitive,
Should such arrive, must here find sanctuary ;
And, at thy word, the fiery-paced avenger
Must stop his bloody course—e'en as swoln Jordan
Controll'd his waves, soon as they touch'd the feet
Of those who bore the ark.

Wald. Is this my charge ?

Nin. Even so ;—and I am near, should chance
require me.

At midnight I relieve you on your watch,
When we may taste together some refreshment :
I have cared for it ; and for a flask of wine—
There is no sin, so that we drink it not

Until the midnight hour, when lauds have toll'd.
Farewell awhile, and peaceful watch be with you !

[*Exit towards the chapel.*]

Wald. It is not with me, and alas ! alas !
I know not where to seek it.—This monk's mind
Is with his cloister match'd, nor lacks more room.
Its petty duties, formal ritual,
Its humble pleasures and its paltry troubles,
Fill up his round of life ; even as some reptiles,
They say, are moulded to the very shape,
And all the angles of the rocky crevice,
In which they live and die. But for myself,
Retired in passion to the narrow cell,
Couching my tired limbs in its recesses,
So ill-adapted am I to its limits,
That every attitude is agony.—
How now ! what brings him back ?

Re-Enter NINIAN.

Nin. Look to your watch, my brother ;—horse-
men come :

I heard their tread when kneeling in the chapel.

Wald. [*looking to a distance.*] My thoughts
have rapt me more than thy devotion,
Else had I heard the tread of distant horses
Farther than thou couldst hear the sacring bell.
But now in truth they come :—flight and pursuit
Are sights I've been long strange to.

Nin. See how they gallop down the opposing hill !
Yon grey steed bounding down the headlong path,

As on the level meadow ; while the black,
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown
And clench thy hand, as if it grasp'd a weapon ?

Wald. 'Tis but for shame to see a man fly thus
While only one pursues him.—Coward, turn !—
Turn thee, I say ! thou art as stout as he,
And well mayst match thy single sword with
his—

Shame, that a man should rein a steed like thee,
Yet fear to turn his front against a foe !—
I am ashamed to look on them.

Nin. Yet look again, they quit their horses now,
Unfit for the rough path :—the fugitive
Keeps the advantage still.—They strain towards
us.

Wald. I'll not believe that ever the bold Thane
Rear'd up his Cross to be a sanctuary
To the base coward who shunn'd an equal combat.—
How's this ?—that look—that mien—mine eyes
grow dizzy !—

Nin. He comes :—thou art a novice on this
watch :—

Brother, I'll take the word and speak to him.
Pluck down thy cowl ;—know, that we spiritual
champions
Have honour to maintain, and must not seem
To quail before the laity.

[WALDHAVE lets down his cowl, and steps back.]

Enter MAURICE BERKELEY.

Nin. Who art thou, stranger? speak thy name
and purpose.

Berk. I claim the privilege of Clan MacDuff.
My name is Maurice Berkeley, and my lineage
Allies me nearly to the Thane of Fife.

Nin. Give us to know the cause of sanctuary?

Berk. Let him show it,
Against whose violence I claim the privilege.

*Enter LINDESAY, with his sword drawn. He rushes at
BERKELEY; NINIAN interposes.*

Nin. Peace, in the name of Saint Magridius!
Peace, in our Prior's name, and in the name
Of that dear symbol, which did purchase peace
And good-will towards man! I do command thee
To sheathe thy sword, and stir no contest here.

Lind. One charm I'll try first,
To lure the craven from the enchanted circle
Which he hath harbour'd in.—Hear you, De
Berkeley,

This is my brother's sword—the hand it arms
Is weapon'd to avenge a brother's death:—
If thou hast heart to step a furlong off,
And change three blows,—even for so short a space
As these good men may say an ave-marie,—
So, Heaven be good to me! I will forgive thee
Thy deed and all its consequences.

Berk. Were not my right hand fetter'd by the
thought

That slaying thee were but a double guilt
In which to steep my soul, no bridegroom ever
Stepp'd forth to trip a measure with his bride
More joyfully than I, young man, would rush
To meet thy challenge.

Lind. He quails, and shuns to look upon my
 weapon,
Yet boasts himself a Berkeley!

Berk. Lindesay, and if there were no deeper
 cause
For shunning thee than terror of thy weapon,
That rock-hewn Cross as soon should start and stir,
Because a shepherd-boy blew horn beneath it,
As I for brag of thine.

Nin. I charge you both, and in the name of
 Heaven,
Breathe no defiance on this sacred spot,
Where Christian men must bear them peacefully,
On pain of the Church thunders. Calmly tell
Your cause of difference; and, Lord Lindesay,
 thou
Be first to speak them.

Lind. Ask the blue welkin—ask the silver Tay,
The northern Grampians—all things know my
 wrongs;
But ask not me to tell them, while the villain,
Who wrought them stands and listens with a smile.

Nin. It is said—
Since you refer us thus to general fame—
That Berkeley slew thy brother, the Lord Louis,
In his own halls at Edzell——

Lind. Ay, in his halls—

In his own halls, good father, that's the word.
In his own halls he slew him, while the wine
Pass'd on the board between! The gallant Thane,
Who wreak'd Macbeth's inhospitable murder,
Rear'd not yon Cross to sanction deeds like these.

Berk. Thou say'st I came a guest!—I came a
victim,

A destined victim, train'd on to the doom
His frantic jealousy prepared for me.
He fix'd a quarrel on me, and we fought.
Can I forget the form that came between us,
And perish'd by his sword? 'Twas then I fought
For vengeance,—until then I guarded life,
But then I sought to take it, and prevail'd.

Lind. Wretch! thou didst first dishonour to thy
victim,

And then didst slay him!

Berk. There is a busy fiend tugs at my heart,
But I will struggle with it!—Youthful knight,
My heart is sick of war, my hand of slaughter;
I come not to my lordships, or my land,
But just to seek a spot in some cold cloister,
Which I may kneel on living, and, when dead,
Which may suffice to cover me.
Forgive me that I caused your brother's death;
And I forgive thee the injurious terms
With which thou taxest me.

Lind. Take worse and blacker.—Murderer,
adulterer!—

Art thou not moved yet?

Berk. Do not press me further.
The hunted stag, even when he seeks the thicket,
Compell'd to stand at bay, grows dangerous !
Most true thy brother perish'd by my hand,
And if you term it murder—I must bear it.
Thus far my patience can ; but if thou brand
The purity of yonder martyr'd saint,
Whom then my sword but poorly did avenge,
With one injurious word, come to the valley,
And I will show thee how it shall be answer'd !

Nin. This heat, Lord Berkeley, doth but ill
accord
With thy late pious patience.

Berk. Father, forgive, and let me stand excused
To Heaven and thee, if patience brooks no more.
I loved this lady fondly—truly loved—
Loved her, and was beloved, ere yet her father
Conferr'd her on another. While she lived,
Each thought of her was to my soul as hallow'd
As those I send to Heaven ; and on her grave,
Her bloody, early grave, while this poor hand
Can hold a sword, shall no one cast a scorn.

Lind. Follow me. Thou shalt hear me call the
adulteress
By her right name.—I'm glad there's yet a spur
Can rouse thy sluggard mettle.

Berk. Make then obeisance to the blessed Cross,
For it shall be on earth thy last devotion.

[*They are going off.*]

Wald. [*rushing forward.*] Madmen, stand !

Stay but one second—answer but one question.—
There, Maurice Berkeley, canst thou look upon
That blessed sign, and swear thou'st spoken truth?

Berk. I swear by Heaven,
And by the memory of that murder'd innocent,
Each seeming charge against her was as false
As our bless'd Lady's spotless. Hear, each saint!
Hear me, thou holy rood! hear me from heaven,
Thou martyr'd excellence!—Hear me from penal
fire,

(For sure not yet thy guilt is expiated!)
Stern ghost of her destroyer!—

Wald. [*throws back his cowl.*] He hears! he
hears! Thy spell hath raised the dead.

Lind. My brother, and alive!—

Wald. Alive,—but yet, my Richard, dead to
thee,

No tie of kindred binds me to the world;
All were renounced, when, with reviving life,
Came the desire to seek the sacred cloister.
Alas, in vain! for to that last retreat,
Like to a pack of bloodhounds in full chase,
My passion and my wrongs have follow'd me,
Wrath and remorse—and, to fill up the cry,
Thou hast brought vengeance hither.

Lind. I but sought
To do the act and duty of a brother.

Wald. I ceased to be so when I left the world;
But if he can forgive as I forgive,
God sends me here a brother in mine enemy,

To pray for me and with me. If thou canst,
De Berkeley, give thine hand.—

Berk. [gives his hand.] It is the will
Of Heaven, made manifest in thy preservation,
To inhibit farther bloodshed ; for De Berkeley,
The votary Maurice lays the title down.
Go to his halls, Lord Richard, where a maiden,
Kin to his blood, and daughter in affection,
Heirs his broad lands ;—If thou canst love her,
Lindesay,
Woo her and be successful.

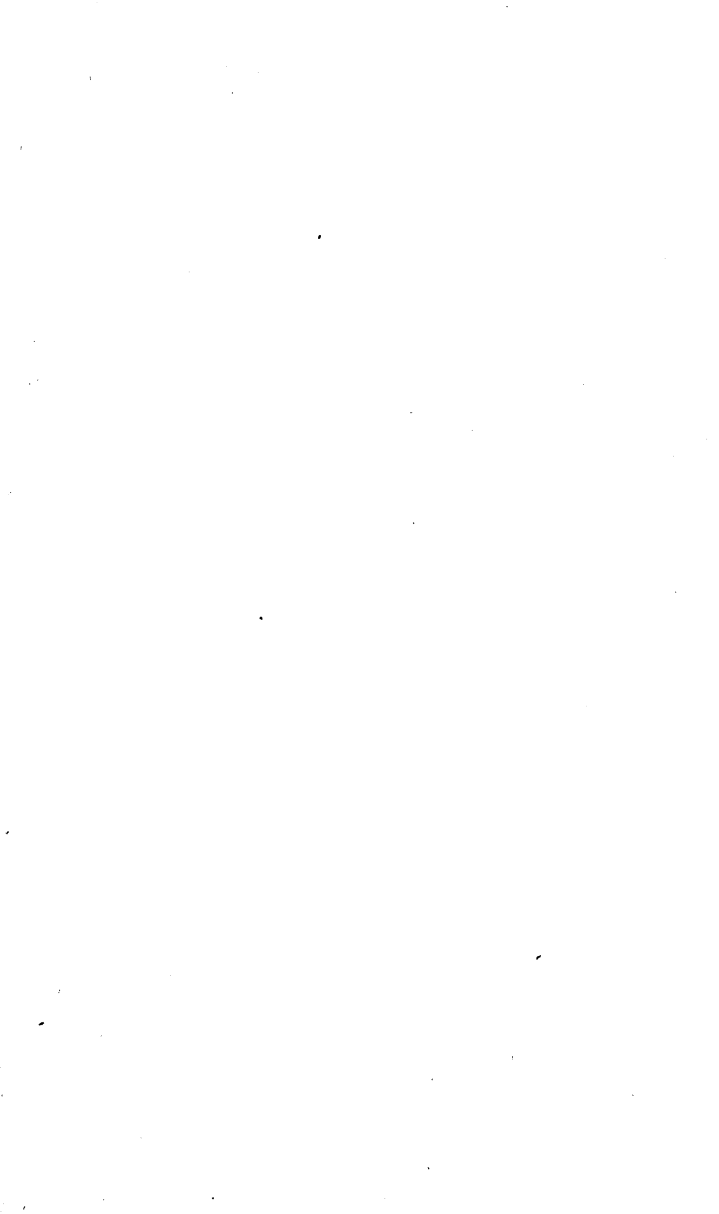
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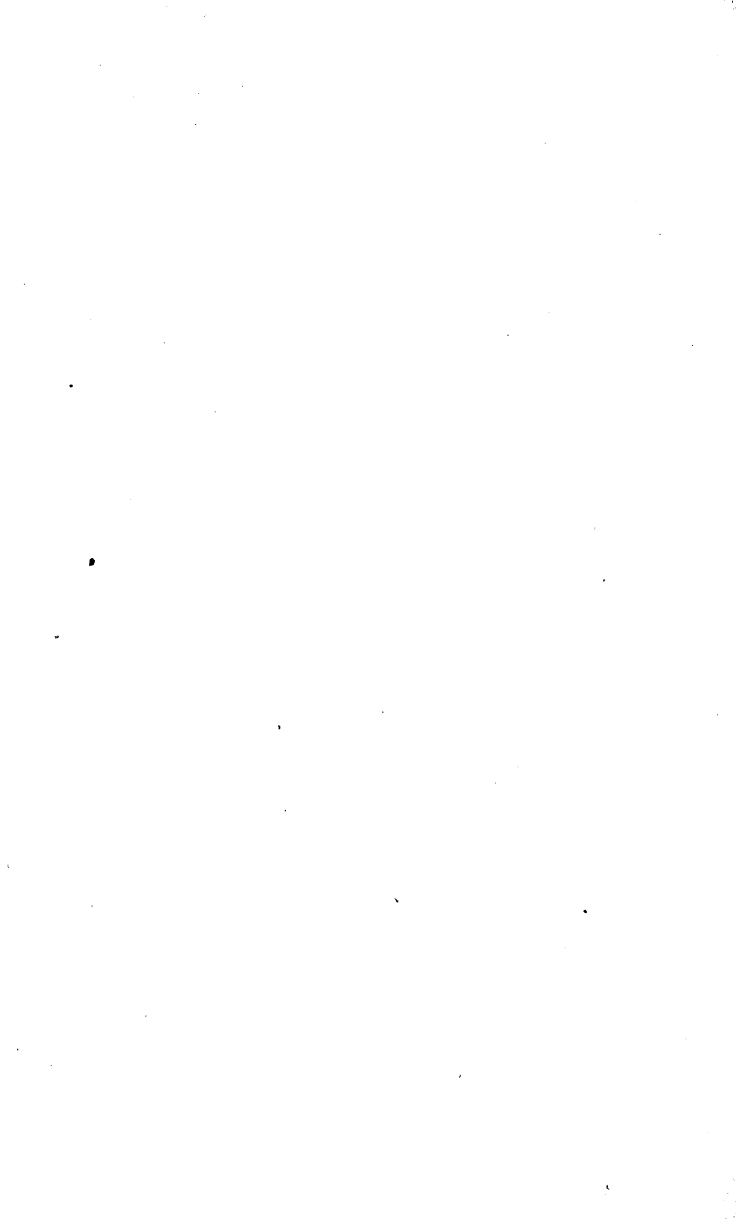


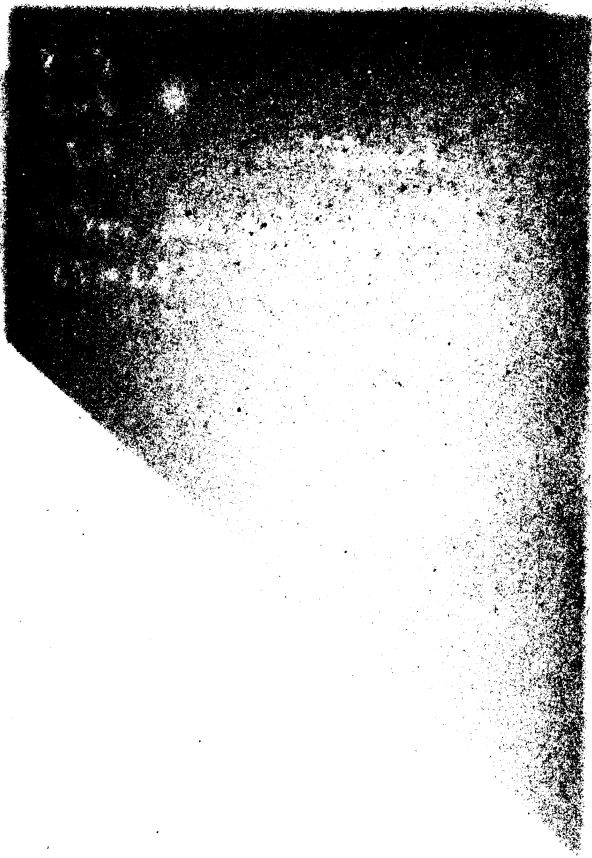












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